ASHBURNER's,

NEW
VOCAL AND POETIC
REPOSITORY;

A COLLECTION OF

FAVOURITE SONGS

AND

POETIC FUGITIVE PIECES;

INTERSPERSED WITH A VARIETY OF

COMIC STORIES AND TALES,

ODD SERMONS, EPIGRAMS, ANECDOTES, &c.

Selected for their merit or whimsicality, and not included in the *Thespian Gleanings*,

(WITH MANY ORIGINALS)

BY

QUEERY QUEERUM, Esq. A. S. S.

CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY

TO THE

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JOKER.

ULVERSTON,

PRINTED BY GEORGE ASHBURNER.

1807.

A new Comic Song, called

THE OLD WIDOW.

Written by Mr. Davis, and Sung by Mrs. Fildew on the Night of her benefit, at the Theatre, Ulverston, December 23d. 1806.

BEHOLD an Old Widow before you appear,
Who your favours to win has tried many a year;
I've cry'd and I've laugh'd, and I've quaver'd it too,
And sometimes to the fiddle, I've caper'd it's true.
Fal de ral, &c.

But tho' an Old Widow, 'tis not one to ten,
But like a Young Virgin, I'll be courted again;
And tho' no coquette, I could make it appear,
I get a fresh lover, every week in the year.

The force of my charms let no coxcomb decry,
At my feet Mr. Tag swears for me he'll die;
Nay a young Irish Captain has often been seen,
My hand to solicit at dear Gretna Green.

Tho' some they have call'd me their charmer and dear,
Yet by others I'm treated with rudeness severe;
Earl Osmond he call'd me an ugly old witch,
And the Olipod Doctor left me stuck in a ditch.

But this is all joking and mere masquerade,
Now in my own character see me display'd;
And of lovers and beaux, tho' I've prattled away,
That's all over now, for I've had my day.

Miss cries to her lover, "you're rude I declare,
"You're troublesome, Sir," I vow now you are,"
Well heaven be prais'd, from such troubles I'm free,
I'm sure no young lover will e'er trouble me.

'Tis strange how young lovers will wish away time;
I declare now I wish it were added to mine;
With health and good spirits, and power to please you,
'Tis only for that, that my age I'd renew.

To be grateful for favours both present and past,
Shall my character be as long as I last;
And to characters present I'll, every year bring,
Success and good health, and me able to Sing,
Fal de ral, &c.

****

POOR KITTY THE FRUIT GIRL.

THRO' London streets I trip along,
Nor feel the least alarm,
And merry chaunt my daily song,
With basket on my arm;
There's jarganells and pippins fine,
Gold rennets fair to view,
With nuts, a relish for your wine,
Come, buy of Kitty, do.

I've China oranges so sweet,
Choice peaches can produce,
Prime Windsor pears, luxurious treat,
And grapes that's full of juce;
Yet tho' I'm poor, the splendid great
I ne'er with envy view,
But cheerful sing to all I meet,
Come, buy of Kitty, do.

In jocund mood I oft compare,
My fruit to folks in life,
The red streak is a virgin fair,
Lemon a scolding wife;

The grape unripe, to no one thing
  Like bachelors compares,
The nonpariel our gracious king,
  The nonsuch British tars.

****

A WELSH SERMON,

Said to be preached at a Funeral by a Minister of Glangothan in Glamorganshire.

TEARLY BELOVED,

I AM come here among you to make a creat preachment upon that dead pody. My text is the ten and twentieth chapter of *Maccabees*, te verse indeed I cannot now ferry well remember, but I am sure it be dere, te words be dese, *Fachilate de Orate*, dat is to say, *Vatch and Pray*: and I will stick to my text I will warrant you.

Our creat crandfather Adam was a fery coot man, in coot truth was he, and dwelt in Cots own house in Paradise, and a prave place I'll warrant you it was; he had efry thing provided in his hand, he did not buy so much as a noggin, piggen, or spoon, he had plenty of apple-trees, plumb-trees, pear-trees, sherry-trees, cottling-trees, and all sorts of trees; but for want of coot take heed, he was fallen: ah! how was he fallen?

Why, I will tell you how he was fallen,

Our creat crandmother Eve, (a pox Cot take her for a plaguy package) must needs go a rambling and a changling from home, and coot not stay at home with her own huspand, but did rop an orchard, te Devil show't the way, (for if dere be any mischief about te Devil and Woman must have a finger in the pye,) so she came home and persuaded her huspand to eat some of her stolen apple, it was a creat mercy, O Cot, it did not stick in her throat and choak her.

After this she prov'd with child, and was prout to pet of a fine poy, and called his name---I cannot now fery well remember----O tear it was Cain! aye Cain vas it: he vas a prave lad, but an unlucky rogue like his mother. And a little time after she prov'd with child again, and was brought to pet of another fine poy, and call'd his name Apel; dis vas a fery coot lat, for he did stick to part of my text, he did pray; and had he vatched too, before Cot his brother Cain had never come pehind his back and knockt out his prains.--Dis vas a murdering villain, so he vas obliged to over-run his country, and get him a wife in a strange land, which taught him strange tricks I will warrant you.

Thus, you see, peloved, how the sins of Roppery and Murder came upon the earth, and prout a heavy shudgment upon the world; vat you think that was?

I will tell you.

It profed those parcel of plaguy Lawyers, Attoornies, and Pum-Pailiffs, to rop the people, and keep their estates and monies all themselves.

But after dis there came another sin upon the earth, and prout a heavier judgment upon all the world; vat you think that was?

It was te sin of trunkenness; for Got's sake befare of trinking too much; for our crandfather Noah, had no sooner escaped a scouring in the ark, and got safe on land again, but he went to the first alehouse he could find, and there he sat trink, trink, all day and all night, and then went home trunk and abused his family.

The sin of trunkeness, my peloved, prout heavier shudgment than all the rest, and what a heavy shudgment do you think it profed?

Why, I will tell you.

It prout dese destroying locusts, dese consuming catterpillars, those hellish vermin, those cursed Egyptian plagues, joined altogether, *Excisemen*, and *Custom-House Officers*, to pry into efry nook, and poke for efry drop of coot trink.---Cot confound

them all; and from them *Libra nos, Domine*, that is to say, Lort deliver us.

In the dreadful day of shudgment, when the pastors shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to their charge, and I your poor unworthy pastor, shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to my charge.

And when the Lord calls I will not speak.

And when he calls a second time, I will not answer.

But when he calls a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel, "On say Lort, for thy servant heareth." And when he asketh for the sheep delivered into my charge, before Cot, I will tell him flat and plain *You are all turned Goats!*---Amen.

****

CUPID AMONG THE BACHELORS.

AT a bachelor's feast, Tom Monk was presiding,
Now at wedlock rude jeering, then Cupid deriding,
When down flew the God from above;
Soon the bumpers are fill'd and the glasses all jingle,
Cries Tom, here's a health to the man who lives single;
So the claret they quaff,
And at Cupid they laugh,
And each bids defiance to women and love.

Sorely vex'd that the topers his power shou'd despise,
Off to Bacchus indignant the god of love flies,
Their conduct then straightway exposes;
When the jolly god hears of his votaries defiance,
He consults with sly Cupid to form an alliance,
So the grape juice they quaff,
And at bachelors laugh,
While Bacchus this scheme of revenge then proposes.

Make 'em fev'rish in love, and soon you will see,
To cool their scorch'd hearts, each to drinking will flee,
Which will only add fuel to fire;
So in love they will drink, and wine, will in return,
Make the flame in their bosoms more ardently burn,
So as bumpers they quaff,
And at you while they laugh,
My magical wine will the passion inspire.

Quite charm'd with the scheme, back the god of love flew,
And wounded each heart of the love-hating crew,
His shafts not a man of them parried;
And love instantly kindling, tormented each heart,
While the wine, 'stead of curing, augmented the smart,
And as bumpers they quaff'd,
Cupid wink'd and he laugh'd
For to cure 'em, next week ev'ry soul of 'em married.

****

THE WEEPING MAID OF GLASGOW.

HIGH on a shaggy sea-worn rock,
Proud juting o'er the foaming flood,
With many a sigh and wistful look,
The weeping Maid of Glasgow stood.
Grow calm, thou raging sea,
Blow fair inconstant gale, she cried,
My absent Jamie, haste to me,
To rove along the banks of Clyde.

The tide ran smooth, the wind blew fair,
A lofty vessel hove in view;
With hasty steps Jane sought the pier,
And thus address'd the welcome crew.
Come tell, brave tars, come tell the truth,
As you the ocean travers'd wide,

Saw you my love, the bravest youth,
  That ever grac'd the banks of Clyde.

Ah, maiden fair, by love opprest,
  Restrain your tears, 'tis vain to weep;
Near Portugal your Jamie rests,
  In the could bosom of the deep.
From her flush'd cheeks the blood withdrew,
  A death-stamp'd pale its place supplied,
The clay-roof'd house now strangers view,
  Among the dreary banks of Clyde.

****

THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON;

Or, Humphrey Hobnail's return from the Play.

OH! gentlefolk, what do you think!
  Oh! where do you think I ha' been?
I'm sure I shall ne'er sleep a wink,
  I'se so pleas'd wi' the sights I ha seen:
It grows very late, you'll all say,
  And its time we were all gang'd to bed,
But my feet carried me to the play,
  And I can't get it out of my head.
Sing tol de rol lol de rol, tol de rol.

Odzooks!---what a nation fine place!
  And what waundy fine people go there;
I was never before in such case,
  For I didn't know which way to stare!
On one side I see'd the gay beaux,
  On t'other the ladies so fair!
Who, I'm sure, take no pride in their cloths,
  For they scarce provide any to wear,
Sing tol, &c.

But as soon as the play was begun,
  Whish they call'd the--"Bold Stroke for a Wife,"

I was up to my elbows i' fun,
Such as I never see'd i' my life;
For the Quakers they stuck up so prim,
So humble, yet so full of pride,
So solemn, yet so full of whim,
That wi' laughing I thought I'd ha' died.
Sing tol, &c.

In the farce of the--" Devil to Pay,"
Mr. Jobson, a huge clever chap,
Made his wife ev'ry order obey,
By the pow'r of his wonderful strap;
So I find them that wanders and roam,
Learn something from all that they see;
I'll speak to our cobler at whoam,
And get him to make one for me.
Sing tol, &c.

Now I'm com'd to the end o' my story,
I reckon its time to gi' o'er,
Tho' I'd like you to hear what a worry,
And scrawging they made at the door;
Yet to tell you the whole of the rout,
Its too late in the night to begin
So to cut my tale short,--I'm com'd out,
But the devil knows how I got in.
Sing tol, &c.

****

THE GIRL OF THE SEASONS.

I'M the Girl of the Seasons, am known far and near,
And the gentlemen say too I'm pretty;
As the sun, I am true to the varying year,
While roaming through fields or the city,
Thus I welcome the spring,
As so gaily I sing,
Two bunches a penny sweet cowslips,
Two bunches a penny.

When the spring is departed, I'm still to be found,
For I mind neither wind nor the weather,
Though the morning be sultry, I still go my round,
For the sun and I rise both together,
So the summer I greet,
While I sing through the street,
Two bunches a penny moss roses,
Two bunches a penny.

But the summer takes leave, and my roses all die,
But of ways to subsist there are many;
So like patriots in place, then I soon change my cry,
And like them, with a view to the penny,
So the autumn I hail,
While this is my tale,
They're two for a penny green gages,
They're two for a penny.

But this whirligig world brings us winter at last,
Alas! then what becomes of poor Polly,
Why she sings thro' the storm, and she smiles at the blast,
As for grieving, she thinks it a folly:
So to close the long year,
This song then you hear,
They're two for a penny ripe pipins,
They're two for a penny.

**********.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

SHOU'D fears alarm, or threats appal,
Ye British youths, attend to me,
An arm divine still guides us all,
On land, at home, on shore, at sea.
Then, O bless that Pow'r Supreme,
Obedient to his royalty,
And sing the universal theme,
In strains of love and loyalty.

When tempests tear, or storms retard,
  The busy bark o'erwhelm'd must be,
Tho' none dare try to trim the yard,
  A breath divine can smooth the sea.
  Then, O bless, &c.

If madness lend, or grief impart,
  To shatter'd sense their iron sway,
The mist that gathers o'er the heart,
  A ray divine can chase away.
  Then, O bless, &c.

****

FOR A WIFE.

I'M just come in search of a wife,
With whom I may settle for life;
One who's pretty and witty, and nothing amiss,
I'll offer my hand, and we'll seal with a kiss,
  And in Hymen's soft fetters I'll bind her;
    She must not be froward,
    Not talking or toward,
    Nor wand'ring, nor squand'ring,
    Nor leering, nor jeering,
      With other gay ladies.
Such, such is the wife, I wish for thro' life,
But the matter is, where shall I find her.

To th' op'ra I rattled at first,
But of all places that was the worst,
For out of each box the sweet misses watch,
And titter and ogle, 'till husbands they catch;
  While their mothers all sit behind 'em,
    And smirk, smile, and chatter,
    While fops flirt and flatter,
    Their malice disarming,
    With, how hot, and how charming,
      How d'ye do, how d'ye do,
Such, such is the wife, I don't wish for thro' life,
If I did, I know where I might find 'em.

I very soon scamper'd away,
To each concert, Hyde-Park, and the play;
But such dancing and prancing, and doing all that,
That I don't like such folks, I tell you, that's flat.
That a wife among them I declin'd her:
So that with nothing to fear,
By chance I came here,
Where so many sweet faces,
Such Cupids and graces,
All smile on me now,
That if I e'er want a wife, to suit me for life,
I know very well where to find her.

****

A METHODIST SERMON,

From G. A. Steven's Lecture on Heads.

BRETHREN! Brethren! Brethren! (the word Brethren comes from the Tabernacle, because we all do breathe-there-in,) What are you drowzy? then I'll rouze ye; I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you, I will, I will, I will---Even as the cat, even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall out, so from the bottom of my voice will I bawl out; and the organ pipes of my lungs, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the sweet words that I shall utter, and the sweet words that I shall utter, will sugar candy your souls, and make carraway comfits of your consciences.

Do you know how many tailors make a man? Why nine.---Nine tailors make a man---And how many half a man? Why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even so have ye been all bound apprentice to Miss Fortune, the Fashion Maker, and now you are out of your times; you have set up for yourselves, you have, you have, you have.---Did you ever see a man eat boiling hot hasty pudding?

Do you know how many wry faces he makes when it scalds him? Just so many wry faces will you make when Old Nick has nicked you.

My great bowels groan for ye, and my small guts yearn for ye. I have got the gripes, the gripes of compassion; and the belly ach of pity----Give me a dram! Give me a dram! Give me a dram!---A dram of patience I mean; while I explain unto you what Reformation and Abomination mean; which the worldly wicked have mixed together like butter-milk and potatoes, and therewith make a sinful stirabout.

Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of Porter; and Abomination, why, that is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.

Have you carried your consciences to the Scowerers lately? Have you bought any Fuller's earth to take the stains out? You say yes; you have, you have, you have---But I say no; you lie! you lie! you lie! -- I am no velvet mouth preacher! I scorn your lawn sleeves.---You are full of filth! ye must be boiled and parboiled; yea, ye must be boiled down in our Tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a laddle full of, and then the scum and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over, and that is called the kitchen stuff of your conscience, which serves to grease the cart wheels that carries us over the devil's ditch, why, there is the devil's ditch, aye and the devil's gap too.----The devil's ditch, that's among the jockeys at Newmarket; and the devil's gap, that's among the other jockeys, the Lawyers at Lincoln's Inn Fields.---And then there is the devil among the tailors, and the devil among the players; yes, yes, the players, they play the devil to pay.----The playhouse is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of Temptation.----Tragedy is the blank verse of Belzebub; Comedy is his hasty pudding; and Pantomime is the devil's country dance.---And yet you'll pay the players for seeing plays, yes, yes, but you won't

pay me, not till Belzebub's bum bailiff lays hold of you, and then you think I will pay your garnish, but I won't though: no; you shall all lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devil's dinner.

---Put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat,
For 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye
How much this preaching scours the belly;
How pinching to the human tripe,
Is Pity's belly ach and gripe;
But that religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to serve the trade.

Do put some money in the plate---Pray put some money in the plate, and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away, even as they scald the bristles of the hog's back; and you shall be cleaned from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
That I, your preacher, now may eat,
And then I will, when e'er you please,
With lifted hands on bended knees,
Say, sing, and swear, that only these are right,
Who croud this Tabernacle every night.

****

BRITANNIA'S HERO.

IN the Temple of Fame, where the Ghosts of the brave
Ascend from the mould'ring tomb,
Where the laurel and cypress alternately wave,
Sat the Genii of Greece and of Rome:
They convers'd of their sons, how they fought how they died,
What scars in their bosoms they bore,
And they challenged Britannia, who wept by their side,
To rival the heroes of yore.

KATE KEARNEY.

OH! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney:
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal the glance of Kate Kearney:
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of Mischief she's dreaming,
Yet, oh I can tell how fatal the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney;
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
And who dares inhale, her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

****

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

OBEDIENT to his Country's great command,
Led by the guardian angel of our land,
The matchless NELSON sought the Spanish shore,
And left his country to return no more.
Soon as he saw approach the hostile fleet,
His fearless breast with gallant ardor beat;
They come, he cried, my glory's now complete!

Firm on the Vict'ry's deck he took his stand,
To die or vanquish was his short command;
But scarce the banners of the shatter'd fleet,
Had crouch'd submissive at the Victor's feet,
When swift a vengeful bullet pierc'd his side:
My Country triumphs, I'm content! he cried,
And Vict'ry o'er her son hung weeping as he died.

Fame from his dying brow the laurel bore,
And flew triumphant to Britannia's shore;

But when her sons the dear-bought trophy view'd,
And mark'd it stain'd with NELSON's vital blood,
Exulting shouts were chang'd to mournful tears;
No voice but Grief's the drooping nation hears,
And e'en the vanquish'd foe his deathless name
reveres.

****

BROWN BESS.

I'M a soldier you all of you know,
A right Volunteer in my heart;
Ev'ry inch of me loyal and true,
And from which I can never depart.
When I join in the chit-chat at eve,
At head-quarters, parade, or at mess,
Like a first son of Mars then I seem,
My whole soul is employ'd on Brown Bess.
Brown Bess is my joy and delight,
My honour, protection, and pride,
Not a moment of comfort I know,
But when I've Brown Bess by my side.

The army I'm wedded to now,
And fight for my Country and King;
To none but Brown Bess can I bow,
To none but Brown Bess can I sing.
When the glass passes merry and free,
My toast all my comrades can guess;
For I make the whole camp to resound,
When I give in a bumper "Brown Bess."
Brown Bess is my joy, &c.

The true British lion is rous'd,
The bumper I give has its charms,
For it means as a toast, you must know,
Success to Old England's fam'd arms.
Thus, both loyal and constant I prove,
And now the blest theme I confess,
I've a meaning that goes to my love,
When a bumper I fill to Brown Bess.
Brown Bess is my joy, &c

TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

IN this lottery of life should dame Fortune beguile,
This great truth you should ever premise;
That, however the goodness may simper and smile,
She has always two blanks to a prize.

If a husband you'd take, Miss, or you, Sir, a wife,
From this maxim direct not your eyes;
For of one or the other, I'd venture my life,
There are more than two blanks to a prize.

If in law you're entangled, why then, silly man,
As a friend, give me leave to advise;
Slip your neck from the collar as fast as you can;
There are fifty-two blanks to a prize.

And if for preferment you're starving at court,
Or by merit expect you shall rise,
Then you're chance is not worth, Sir, three-fourths of a groat;
There are ninety-two blanks to a prize.

****

POOR HARRY.

PRAY, ladies, did you ever hear
Of a shepherd, whose name was Harry,
Who liv'd a bachelor fifty year,
Then resolv'd, silly man, to marry?
Who liv'd, &c.

Next morn he early rose,
And dress'd in his best cloaths,
Determin'd he no more from time to time would dally,
But 'twas a luckless day,
For all his neighbours say,
The first of April 'twas, when a courting he went to Sally.

He swore he lov'd her passing well,
And fain with her would marry;

And mark, I pray, what now befel
  The love-sick shepherd, Harry;
For when he knelt, and vow'd he'd take
  To wife none else but Sal,
The only answer she would make
  Was fal de ral, lal de ral lal.

Of wealth he had good store,
Few shepherds could boast more;
For that alone, most maids he thought his wife
would gladly be,
So he search'd the village round,
But no where cou'd be found
A lass who any answer made, but fal de ral, lal
dal de.

So bachelors all take warning I pray,
  And think of the fate of poor Harry;
Nor let fifty years of your life pass away,
  Before you determine to marry.
This council I give, now mind what I say;
  If you so long stand shilly shally,
And let all the prime of your life pass away,
  Don't expect a young woman to marry.
Don't expect, &c.

****

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
  I went to the gate to see;
When every lass had her spark,
  But nobody coming to me;
And it's oh dear what will become of me;
  Oh dear, what shall I do;
Nobody coming to marry me,
  Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
  My mother does nothing but spin;

And I'm a pretty young girl,
But the money comes slowly in.
And it's oh dear, &c.

They say I'm beauteous and fair,
They say I'm scornful and proud;
Alas! I must now despair,
For, ah, I am growing very old.
And it's oh dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid;
Oh, dear, how shocking the thought!
And all my beauty must fade,
But I'm sure it is not my fault.
And it's oh dear, &c.

****

SONG.

TUNE--"The Heroes of the British Fleet."

STILL Europe hears, from Gallia's shore,
The lawless Tyrant's threatening strain;
Sees o'er her plains his myriads pour;
Her Nations bend to Slavery's chain:
While Britain guards her Monarch's throne,
And laws and freedom calls her own!

While Britain guards her Monarch's throne,
And laws and freedom calls her own!
And laws and freedom calls her own!

Still Europe sees Imperial Crowns
Bow to the haughty Despot's sway:
His fiat bleeding Austria owns,
O'er realms where rapine mark'd his way;
While Britain's sons her rights maintain;
Her charter'd empire o'er the main!
While Britain's sons, &c.

The fell Usurper's ruffian boast,
Invasion's threat! old Albion hears!

Her gallant sons defend her coast ;
  Her Britains *all* are volunteers !
Her native Heroes, brave as free,
Defy their foes by land and sea !
    Her native Heroes, &c.

Still o'er the mighty world of waves
  Britains all conquering Navy rides ;
The foe, the storm, the tempest braves,
  Triumphant o'er the foamy tides ;
Her flag in every port unfurl'd ;
Her NELSON's spirit awes the world !
    Her flag, &c.

Still may it awe old England's foe !
  Still o'er her guardian fleets preside,
And long as Ocean's billows flow,
  Thy genius, PITT ! her Senate guide !
So shall her power and fame resound,
Wide as the Earth's and Ocean's bound.
    So shall her power, &c.

Still George the British sceptre sways,
  Victorious mid' the strife of war ;
While round his throne new glories blaze,
  New glories won from Trafalgar
And o'er the world the trump of Fame,
Proclaims each british Heroe's name.
    And o'er the world, &c.

Now shall united Britain sing
  The strains each British heart reveres ;
Britannia's Cause---her State---her King ;
  Her Fleets---her Armies---Volunteers !
Her cause, each patriot breast shall fire,
Till earth, and seas, and suns expire.
    Her cause, each patriot's breast, &c.

****

THE WISE IRISHMAN

And his Sallad Oil.

ONE Patrick O'Blunder just came from Kilkenny,
Who e'er he reach'd England had spent his last penny;
Was hir'd as a servant to one Sir James Trueland,
(I believe no relation to Abraham Newland;)
Who the very next week set off post for town,
With the whole of his family and his new Irish clown;
When to London they got, the good honest Knight,
Thought a dinner would please them, altho' 'twas near night,
So the servants prepared a fine piece of roast beef,
And those that were hungry had speedy relief;
A Sallad was also a part of their cheer,
Which the Knight said he'd dress, but no oil was there,
And the servants being busy, he says to his man,
" Here, Patrick, run off now as fast as you can,
" And the first shop you come to enquire for some oil,
" And make great haste back or the dinner will spoil."
So full drive Pat set off, and soon knock'd down a Quaker,
The first shop he came to was kept by a baker;
" Sir, I want two quarts of your best eating oil,
" And make haste, my dear honey, or the sallad will spoil."
" Why man, cries the Baker, we sell it not here,"
" Arrah, then, cries Pat, you can tell me my dear
" Where it is to be got, I hope 'tis not far."
" Oh! no, answered he, do you see yonder jar?
" A jar! what's a jar?" then cries Pat with surprize,
" 'Tis the brown thing on the post;--why you've surely no eyes."
Off Pat, quickly sets, to the Oilman's he came,
" Pray sir, I've been told Mr. Jar is your name."

"Jar! jar! cries the man, why you joking are sure,
"My name is not jar--there's a jar at the door;
"But what do you want--why you're quite in a broil."
"An't please you, cries Patrick, I want some good oil,
"Oh, pray now make haste, or my Master will caper."
"But what will you put it in?"----"Why put it in paper."
"In paper! why man it's a liquid you see,
"And thus to be carried it never can be."
"Well then, crys O'Blunder, put it into my hat,
"I will crush down the crown, what think you of that?
The Oilman the joke was unwilling to lose,
So to do as Pat bid him he did not refuse;
And pour'd in as much as the crown would contain,
And yet some small share of the oil did remain.
"Where is this to be put?"--Pat a cavity found,
In the side of his hat, and soon turn'd it half round;
Then pour'd the rest in, and set off in great haste,
His hat under his arm, but made terrible waste;
For the oil ran all down him, even into his shoes,
Which did many passengers greatly amuse;
When he came to the door, at the window there stood,
Sir James, who, through wrath, had a face red as blood:
"You rascal, says he, what a pickle you're in;
"Who the deuce has bedaub'd you, and where have you been?
"What's that in your hat?"---"The oil, sir, Pat, cries,
"Why there's not a quart here," the master replies;
"Oh, no, but you see, sir, I've more on this side."
"I see none," the master directly replied;
"'Tis here, sir," cries Pat, and to end the disaster,
He spilt all the oil that was left on his master;

The ladies amus'd with this unlucky hit,
With laughing seem'd ready to fall in a fit;
Sir James was at first in a terrible passion,
For his cloaths look'd as if they had many a splash on;
He had call'd his new footman a great Irish Calf,
But before it was long join'd the rest in the laugh;
Poor Pat look'd quite sheepish, had nothing to say,
For he fear'd that his master would turn him away;
But in this was deceiv'd, for he lives with him still,
But ne'er fetches him oil, so no more can he spill.

****

GLEE.

For Three Voices.

I'LL live no more single, but get me a wife,
For a change, says poor Dick, is the comfort of life;
A wife he then got, and no mortal could be,
A few weeks after marriage, more happy than he.

But when children and squalling began to increase,
And a loud scolding doxy molested his peace;
I wish in my heart I was quit of my wife,
For a change, says poor Dick, is the comfort of life.

****

THE FLOWER OF AFFECTION.

THE lilies were blowing,
While Edward, all glowing
With purest delight, to his Flora did say,
Tho' short-lived each flower
I plant round this bower,
Yet the rose of affection shall ne'er die away.

Then Flora soft sighing,
To Edward replying,

Tis honour alone keeps true love from decay;
For, Edward, believe me,
When e'er you deceive me,
The flower of affection will wither away.

****

THE SOLDIER WHO TO BATTLE GOES.

THE soldier who to battle goes,
And danger braves for duty,
Altho' he laughs at fear or foes,
Like others, sighs for beauty;
For Cupid's a Gen'ral whom all must obey,
As the bravest of mortals can prove;
For no weapon, tho' keenest that art can display,
Can wound like the arrow of love.

The soldier from the field returns
To tell his martial story,
With joy his ardent bosom burns,
To gain the meed of glory;
But glory you'll find little more than a name,
And affection much sweeter will prove;
For tho' grateful the much envy'd laurel of Fame,
Much dearer's the myrtle of Love.

****

ANGELINA;

Or, The little Wandering Cripple.

'TIS for bread, 'tis for life, dearest lady, I sue;
I'm no wanton, believe me; tho' poor, I am true;
From day-break till dark all forsaken I roam;
For, alas! I've no friend, no parents, or home.
I'm a poor little wandering Cripple.

I would not solicit thine alms, or thine aid,
Were the powers but mine to toil for my bread;
But by Nature disabled, and hinder'd from gain,
There's no hope for the heart, nor no end to the pain,
Of the poor little wandering Cripple.

Thanks, thanks, gen'rous lady; my wants are supplied;
But for this I had sunk, but for this I had died,
Till the latest of life I'll remember thy care,
And the Being who hears will comply with the pray'r
Of the poor little wandering Cripple.

In the day when thy deeds shall be canvass'd above,
Thou wilt not repent this kind action of love;
For Mercy will tell of thy bounty to day,
And, pleading thy cause, thou wilt see in the way
The poor little wandering Cripple.

****

EDWARD AND CAROLINE.

WILT thou be mine, fair Caroline?
For thee I sigh and sorrow;
Young Edward sigh'd, and kneeling, cried,
Wilt thou be mine to-morrow?

The smile divine, fair Caroline
From Venus seem'd to borrow;
I will be thine, blush'd Caroline,
I will be thine to-morrow!

The morn appears, their bosoms cheers---
Poor lovers! doom'd to sorrow---
His country's foes to fight he goes,
And leaves her on the morrow!

A fatal dart soon pearc'd his heart;
The news strikes her with sorrow;
I'll still be thine! cried Caroline,
And died upon the morrow.

COME MEASTER I BE'S GOING TO SING.

COME Measter I be's going to sing,
At least be's going to fry;
Some volk can chaunt like any thing,
And some like you and I.
Some sing to please your volk of taste,
And some to please themselves:
And so I sing the time to waste,
And on I digs and delves.

And so I sing, &c.

And some times as I works away,
Strange thoughts come cross my head,
As how most volk, as I may say,
For pastime dig---for bread.
The rake he nightly digs his grave;
Your over crafty elf
Digs deep, and most times just to have
A pit to catch himself.

Digs deep, &c.

The lawyer digs a cunning snare
To catch a client's fee,
And then by way of neighbour's fare,
The devil digs for he.
So, now I've spoke my meaning flat,
We're delvers great and small;
Some dig for this thing some for that,
But sexton digs for all.

Some digs, &c.

****

THE NEW DRUNKEN ORATION.

SO here I am, here's I, as d--drunk as a prince, and as sober as a judge, (hiccups) I likes to keep it up.---Well I always loved queen Ann, because as how her name was Betty, (pulls out a paper) Let me see, how far it is from the first of May to

the foot of Lunnun Bridge? splice my vitals, if that 'ant downright navigation, and can't be desolved. My wife is one of the cleverest Men in our parish, she always makes her mutton pies of beef stakes, but she lost her cuckold to spit 'em with, and damn me if I was'nt behind her the whole time.---But here was a joke! for the cost of the whole was but five shillings, and we paid them a crown, but the man that had the cash ran away with the money. I don't like the Guilotine, because it takes away one's breath. My maid says our Tom cat pupp'd! the devil she has says I, and the cat laugh'd. I went 'tother day to see Mr. Sharp, who should come in but Mr. Flat, but there's no seeing him he's so fat, for he hid himself behind the handle of the hair broom. What a happy country do we live in, we all have the Lib--Liberty of getting D--runk, and the Pip--Privilege of paying for it. (I likes fun) so as I was saying, we drove a blind horse into a china shop, ay you. When I was a boy, I always thought I should cut a fine figure in history, and be as great a man, and have as many lives as Dr. Johnson, for damn me if I did'nt learn the Vulgar Tongue without a grammar. Well, I always reverence an English Jury, for their great understanding, my cousin Sam was indicted for a rape, and splice my vitals, if they did'nt bring it in she--sheep stealing, (takes up a paper) Wanted by the office of Ordinance, Whitehall, several ton of brimstone, the only Dutch Merchant to contract with for that, is the Devil. Let me see, my moon informs me, that last Good Friday is next Easter Monday! What a good thing it is to be an Accountant: I forgot to remember to tell ye what a wonderful memory I have, I always know, by my wife, when it's high water at Cuckold's point, and she will have it the shortest day is too long by a yard and a half; but I am so doatingly fond of her, that if she long'd for Arsnic, I'd go ten miles but what she should have it. They can't deceive me in nautical affairs,

for I understand Greek as much as Hebrew, and can always find out a tavern in Lunnun by the map of York. What a fine thing it is to be charitable like a Bishop, I give a great deal away, but it is always to myself; for there's nobody knows the world better than I do, because as how I have travelled, I have been three times to Bath in a Gravesend boat, and twice to Margate, to bathe and drink water; as for my money, I'm so cunning, I always put that in a toothpick case, for fear of the lawyers. But as I study temperance, chastity, and sob--sobriety, I know of no shell-fish better for a man to eat than pigeon pie, so as I have din'd all the other Emperors in Europe may go to dinner. Here Water, Vater, bring me a dish of water, and a glass of Coffee, slice me like a lemon and chuck me in; I love's good Punch. Keep it up, keep it up! Bucks have at ye all. This is life damme! (sings)

I'm a lad full of spunk, thro' the garden I reel;
And, for tippling, I'm always the sort,
Bowls, glasses, and watchmen my courage all feel,
By the votries of Bacchus I'm taught;
Keep it up, keep it up, with a song let us boast;
For chaunting and drinking's divine!
Fill the bowl with good nectar, I'll give you a toast;
"May we never want Women and Wine."
(Now I'll go home steadily to the Sha--Shakespear)
"May we never want Women and Wine."

****

CHALK AND CHEESE.

A MAN of Wales, betwixt St. David's day and Easter,
Run in his Hostess's score, for Cheese great store, a teaster;
His Hostess Chalks it up behind the door,

And says, for Cheese, come sir, discharge this
score;
Cot zounds, quoth he, what meanest these?
D'ye think hur knows not Chalk from Cheese?

****

THE CRIPPLED TAR.

AID a sailor, kind Sirs, who once felt it his glory,
To fight for his country, his king to defend,
O stop for a moment, and hear my sad story,
And deign when 'tis ended my wants to defend.

I once had a sweetheart, whose vows I shall never
Forget, when she said it would grieve her to part,
And that happen what might she would love me
for ever,
If time did not alter the worth of my heart.

We set sail from Plymouth, a French ship gave us
battle.
And I was determin'd to conquer or die,
Undaunted, around me I heard the balls rattle,
And lost in the contest an arm and an eye.

Yet I thought not the loss of a limb in my duty,
To Nancy or me wou'd a sorrow impart,
One eye was still left me to gaze on her beauty,
And I knew what she priz'd in me most was my
heart.

But when maim'd and in want I regain'd Plymouth
harbour,
And Nancy beheld my unfortunate plight;
Next morning she married Tom Halyard of Dover,
And bade me no more venture into her sight.

****

NEIGHBOUR SLY:

THE passing bell was heard to toll,
  John wail'd his loss with bitter cries,
The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
  The sexton hid her from all eyes.
    And art thou gone?
    Cry'd wretched John;
O dear, 'twill kill me---I am dying!
    Cry'd neighbour Sly,
    While standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The throng retir'd; John left alone,
  He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out, on the mouldering stone,
  What friends were gone to their long homes.
    "You're gone before,"
    Cry'd John, "No more!
"I shall come soon---I'm almost dying!"
    Cry'd neighbour Sly,
    Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Here lie the bones, Heaven's will be done!
  Of farmer Slug!---reader, would'st know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone:
  'Twas his disconsolate widow!
    Cry'd John, "Oh, ho,
    "To her I'll go;---
"No doubt, with grief the widow's dying,"
    Cry'd neighbour Sly,
    Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Their mutual grief was short and sweet!
  Scarcely the passing bell had ceas'd,
When they sped:---the funeral meat
  Was warm'd up for the marriage feast:
    They vow'd and swore,
    Now o'er and o'er,

They ne'er would part 'till both were dying!
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Again to hear the passing bell,
John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a husband's heels;
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
For neighbour Sly,
Again to cry,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

****

THE TEA-TABLE.

THE inquest is set for the tea-things they call,
Miss Crab gave the kind invitation;
Miss Verjuice, Miss Razor, Miss Spleen, and Miss Tiff,
Miss Hartshorn, Miss Scowl, and Miss Mump, and Miss Miff,
Miss Cholic, Miss Nose, and Miss Nerves, and Miss Gall,
As a jury deliberate in grand consultation,
Not over such stuff as the affairs of the nation,
But over their neighbours' reputation.

Spoken.] Silence! You declare, by your forewoman, that you will, without hesitation, fear, or favour, rent, tear, split, tatter, fritter, transmogrify, torture, and disjoin the reputations, indifferently, of friends, foes, strangers, neighbours, young, old, rich, poor, married, single, handsome, ugly, short, or tall, and that you return an account of all the vices, absurdities, failings, caprices, follies, foibles, faults, weaknesses, attachments, hobby-

horses, wanderings, and backslidings, without hesitation, fear, favour, partiality, or affection, as aforesaid. And this you, by your forewoman say, and so you say all.

Take the oath, kiss the cup,
And thus at each sup,
As of folly and whim and caprice make a handle,
While round go the muffin, the tea, and the scandal.

Like a torrent let loose now away go their tongues
Swift as winds and as light as a feather,
New bonnets, the opera, Bath waters, the hour,
The auctions, the nation, the beasts in the tower;
And, as in succession they stretch out their lungs,
The country, black pin, matadores, and the weather,
In glorious confusion they jumble together,
And scandal let go to the end of its tether.

Spoken.] How d'ye like your tea?--Vastly good--where do you buy it? I buy it at Congo's.---Oh yes, I recollect the people that broke. Sad business that of the wife---Oh terrible, shocking woman for intrigue---I knew her from a girl always as amorous as a cat upon pantiles---And it is impossible to find her out, she has as many wigs as would serve to disguise a highwayman between Hounslow and Bagshot. Sad example for the daughter. Great pity, pretty girl! Pretty! Why, lord, ma'am, she's flat-footed and hopper-hipped. Sad thing for the father, if you will.---Very true; but lord, ma'am, what can you expect from such people, no fashion in life. The fellow was porter to an oil shop, used to carry out train oil, pickled herrings, zoobditty, match and wax flambeaux. I'll tell you a comical circumstance. No! true; well that's delightful! he, he, ha, haw,

And thus they sip and they sip,
Have their friends on the hip,

And of foibles, and faults, and caprices make a handle,
While round go the toast, the tea and the scandal.

The tea is removed, and now grave and demure
The case bottles are rang'd so judicious,
Noyau, Ratifie, a la Teinture Vermeille,
Eau d'Ore, de Mille Fleurs, Fleur de Lis Sans Pareille,
And every scarce and expensive liqueur
They sip, and they sip, and each sip find delicious,
'Till they get rather whimsical, queer, and capricious,
And their tongues if't be possible, grow more malicious.

Spoken.] Bless me, I don't know what I was thinking of, I have a sort of vertigo, only look at Miss Cholic---She certainly had a little drop before she came out, otherwise you see it is impossible. As for me now, who am not accustomed to these things, a thimbleful turns me quite topsy-turvy. Well, ladies suppose we go to cards; with all my heart, but I shall insist upon you keeping your foot in your shoe. I dont name any body, but I do know people that hold up their fingers behind their fans. And I, madam, for I plainly see you mean me, I know of people too that when they are a little non se ipse---I desire, ma'am, you will make no reflections. I never indulge myself to an improper degree----I have heard of your Huskyba, to be sure.' Yes, ma'am, and tasted it too. Why yes, I once took a tea spoonful just to oblige you: yes, and a bumper just to oblige yourself. Well, I declare this is beyond bearance.---Huskyba, indeed. Here Miss Nerves declared she should go into hysterics. At last the company interfeared; Miss Crab said there was nothing sour in her disposition; Mis Gall said she did not like bitter invectives; Miss Cholic said it gave her pain that her friends should fall out in this manner. At which Miss Razor intreated leave to notice, that

if she had said any thing keen or cutting, she begged pardon, and was sorry for it. This was accepted as an apology, and the company resumed their good humour.

And they sip, and sip,
Have their friends on the hip,
And of foibles, and faults, and caprice make a handle,
While round goes the room, the liqueur and the scandal.

****

THE THORN.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her dear breast to adorn;
No, by heav'ns, I exclaim'd, may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I shew'd her a ring and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn,
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by heav'ns, &c.

****

YO HEAVE HO.

MY name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow;
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave ho!

Yet more shall ye be knowing;
I was coxswain to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe,
Then push round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was snivelling seen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch'd my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho.
For sailor's though they have their jokes,
They love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true and honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs sung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time, when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the Doctor did not know,
The word was giv'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho:
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
What must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave ho.

And now at last laid up in decentish condition,
For I'e lost an eye and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my boys shall revenge my wrongs,
And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe:
Then to country and King,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out yo heave ho.

****

THE WATCHMAN.

A WATCHMAN I am, I know all the rounds
The houskeepers, the strays, and the lodgers,
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips may be found,
Odd dickins, queer kids, and rum codgers.
Of money and property,
I'm he that takes the care,
And cries, when I see rogues go by,
Hey! what do you there?

Spoken.]----" Only a little busines in that there house---you understand me?"----" Understand you! Well, I believe you are an honest man: Do you hear me, bring me an old silver candlestick."

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
St. Paul's strikes one,
Thus after all the mischief's done
I goes and gives them warning;
And loudly bawls,
While strikes St. Paul's,
Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine Miss I discover,
For a curious rope-ladder I straightways espies,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each other's arms they fly,
My life, my soul, ah! ah!

"Fine work, Miss, out upon't," cries I,
"I'll knock up your papa."

Spoken.]---"No, no, you won't:"---"I shall; worthy old soul, to be treated in this manner."---"Here, here, take this."--"Oh! you villain; want to bribe an honest watchman---and with such a trifle too!"---"Well, well, here is more!"---"More! you seem to be a spirited lad---now go--make her a good husband---I am glad you trick'd the old hunks. Good night, I wish you safe to Gretna Green.

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
What's that? St. Paul's strikes two,
The lovers off, what does I do
But gives the father warning;
And loudly bawls,
As strikes St. Paul's,
Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then towards the square from my box I looks,
I hear such a ranting and roaring,
'Tis Pharoah's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks
Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.
Then such a hubbub and din
How they blaspheme and curse:
"That thief has stole my diamond pin,
Watch! watch! I've lost my purse!"

Spoken.]--"Watch! watch! here, I charge you;"---"Honest people can't go home without being robbed.---Which is the thief?"---"That's the thief who tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening."---"Ah, that you know is all in the way of business; but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse?"---"That's him."---"What, Sam Snatch! give it to me, Sam.---He has not got your purse---you are mistaken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the watch-house."

Then to my box I creep,
And then falls fast asleep;
What's that? St. Paul's strikes three;
Thus from all roguery I gets free,
By giving people warning;
And loudly bawls,
As strikes St. Paul's,
Past three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

****

HIPPESLY's DRUNKEN MAN.

SO, here I am, after all, thanks to a strong brain, a steady gait, and a sober understanding; the rascals thought to have sent me home drunk, but I came away as sober as I'd wish to be. I cannot think what pleasure people take in getting drunk: it only serves to rob a man of his understanding, and makes his words totally un in-tether in-ther-able---Betty, Betty, bring me a pint of half and half, put it into one mug, and be sure you don't mix it; do you hear?---Well I'll sit down a little, then I'll go to bed--why the back of this chair is behind, and that's more than ever I saw before---What have we got here? the newspaper, well let us see---*(reads)* "Yesterday, as a certain great personage was going in his chaise to Windsor, he fell a-sleep with the candle in his hand, and set fire to the bed curtains;"---well, that might have happened, and all from the carelessness of the driver-- *(reads again)* "Extract of a letter from Rome. A few weeks ago his Holiness the Pope was brought to bed of twins"---that's a damn'd lie---*(reads again)* "On Saturday next the little manager in the Haymarket will shut up his theatre."---Well; that's tit for tat: he has done all he can to shut up another man's theatre, and now he's obliged to shut up his own.---*(reads again)* "The Theatre Drury-Lane will open on

Saturday next, with the *School for Scandal* and the *Quaker*."---why that's apropos enough; they have acted scandalously, and now they are quaking for fear.---*(reads again)* "On Monday the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, will open with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; *or the Humours of Sir John Falstaff*." ---Why that's apropos too; for they have been leaning upon a false-staff all along.--*(reads again)* "Deserted about the beginning of June last, Mr. Quick, commedian."----deserted! why I never knew he was a Soldier. Oh; deserted from the Royalty Theatre, I suppose they mean.---*(reads again)* "Yesterday two gentlemen of property at the east end of the town, were forced out of Covent Garden Theatre for hissing, and carried before Sir Samson Wright, who found they were right, told them he did not at first ford into the business, but now he was able to drive into it, he perceived a Small--Coleman was at the bottom of it, was sorry they had been so harrassed; and quickly discharged 'em."---*(Rises)* I went to dine with my Lord what d'ye call um yesterday, and he took me to the race-ground to see his horse run, so he lost the first heat and won the second; so says I, "My lord I give you joy." "Joy of what?" says he: "Your horse is come in first at last." "First at last, my Lord; what do you mean?" "Why he came in behind before."---I asked a friend the other day to go along with me to see the play of Hamlet, Prince of Dunkirk. "Hamlet, Prince of Dunkirk, says he, I never heard of such a man, and I have got all the Roman Emperors in my closet at home, but I don't know any of their names that begins with an H, except it be Titus Vespasian."-- An odd accident happened in my family the other day; the Coachman and Cook quarrelled about who had travelled farthest, so in the scuffle the Cook pushed the Coachman into the dripping pan; "Damn me, says the Coachman, but I have travelled farther than you, for I have been into Greece." And so he had, for he was all over

grease.---I don't suppose there is a man happier than I am in a family; have as good a wife as a man would wish to part with, and as fine children as a man would stick a knife into.---There's my little boy Tom, he writes two very fine hands: one he can't read himself, and the other nobody else can read for him. My boy Bill had a terrible accident happen to him the other day, in turning round the corner of a street he ran against a Lawyer, and has never been able to speak a word of truth since. My little daughter Sal is a sensable slut, she was in the kitchen the other day and her mother was taking a red hot iron out ot the fire to put into the heater, the child clapt her hand upon it, and damn me if she did not take it away without bidding; she's so sharp I don't think she can live long: she spent a week with the parson of the parish some time ago, and curse me if she did not mend his black stockings with white worsted, and sent the parson hopping to church like a magpye.---Where the devil shall I hide my money to night, my wife always searches for it? Oh! in the Bible, she never looks there, that's the best place by far, though she's very fond of the Whole duty of Man; she's very pious, she knocks of the heels of her shoes on a Saturday night that she mayn't go to church on a Sunday.---Betty, Betty, that damn'd jade goes up stairs, forty times a day, and never comes down again, Betty, I say Betty.

****

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure, d'ys see in its way;
'Tis nonsense for trifles I own to be piping,
But they that han't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he, I shall never forget it,

"If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
"'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
"But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive,
Swearing he for his part had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive;
But when that he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
That once sav'd his life as near drowning he swam;
The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
He cried over him just the same as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom, I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more shall I succour distress:
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,!
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes you see feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end:
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim 's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

****

BACHELOR'S HALL.

TO Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our delight?
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the second as true as a clock:
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace,
Hark away, hark away,
All nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back,
Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
But the horse of all horses that rivalled the day,
Was the 'Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was Nimble, so well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox;
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with Ferret and Search,
And beetle-browed Hawk's eye so dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that scents the strong breeze from the south,
And musical Echo-well with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses, thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll back,

That all England throughout can't produce such
a pack;
Thus having described your dogs, horses, and
crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns
sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall.
The savory sir-loin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from
the chace.
Hark away, &c.

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THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'TWAS past meridian half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted:
At seven while taught'ning the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy!
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came---and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors ever cheery,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary;
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion,

Plung'd me and three poor sailors more,
  Headlong within the foaming ocean!
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
  For me---it may be only fancy---
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
  To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
  Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
Ere a bold enemy appear'd,
  And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some friend or wife,
  Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
  Put up a pray'r---and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
  The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
  And England's chalky cliffs together;
At seven, up Channel how we bore,
  While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
  And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

****

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

'TWAS Saturday night, six went the clock,
  Spruce was the barber's shop;
Wigs decorated ev'ry block,
  From scratch to Tyburn top.
Mambrino's helmet scower'd so bright,
  Smil'd to receive the suds,
And labourers flock'd to shave o'er night,
  To grace their Sunday's duds.

Spoken.] And there was Smash, the glazier; and Sink, the plumber; and Light, the tallow-chandler; and Blow, the bellows-maker; and Thrash, the

Farmer; and Blind, the upholsterer; and Bother, the lawyer; and Bury, the undertaker; and Smother, the dustman; and those labourers of different descriptions,

Who on Saturday night,
To get decent in plight,
Get shav'd fit for church on the Sunday;
Of their trangressions sore,
To pay off the week's score,
The better to sin on a Monday.

First come first serv'd; neighbour Eelskin, sit,
You're summon'd to the chair:
The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,
Above board all, and fair.

Well Joe, and how do the world wag?
How's wife, and cats, and dogs?
Foinely, I thank thee, Master Spragg,
That's well and how goes hogs?

Spoken.] I say, lawyer, the tonser here is a keen hand at a razor; he'll shave you as close as you shave your clients, ha, ha, ha, and then he gives one such a twist you see, though nobody affronts un, he always takes one by the nose, ha, ha, ha, yes, but the worst on't be, that he somtimes shavesee and bleedsee for the same money, ha, ha, ha. Yaw! yaw! zounds, you have killed me! Killed you! killed you! I almost cut my thumb off through your lanthern jaw. Look, look, the butcher do bleed like a pig, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh grows loud,
'Mongst the village croud,
Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday;
Of their trangressions sore,
To pay off the week's score,
The better to sin on the Monday.

Now nothing escapes, the taxman they rate,
They roast and baste the cook,
The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,
And the schoolmaster bring to book.

And many a random point they hit,
  To give the sallies birth,
And make up what they want in wit,
  By noise and vacant mirth.

Spoken.] And how diddy come on about the election? Why, we brought in the squire. A little bribery, I suppose, hey? Oh, no, no, no bribery at all; I'll tell you how it were: the squire says to I, and about seventeen more neighbours, I'll bet ev'ry one of you fifty guineas that I be'nt returned for your borough; so we said done; so when we came to consider what a foolish job we had made on't, Icod we were obliged to bring un in, for fear of loosing our money, ha, ha, ha, don'tee zee, don'tee zee, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh goes round,
'Mongst the village croud,
  Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday;
Of their transgressions sore,
To pay off the week's score,
  The better to sin on a Monday.

****

SONG.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
  And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
  And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
  Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
  A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
  My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
  I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
  I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile,
  That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
  Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
  Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid,
  Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood,
  That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
  Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
  That's dearest to thy bosom;
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
  And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
  Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
  And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger once I lo'ed,
  Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
  Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
  You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd---she redden'd like a rose,
  Syne pale like ony lilly,
She sank within mine arms, and cried,
  Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
  By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man---and thus may still
  True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
  And find thee still true-hearted;

Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
  And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
  A mailin plenish'd fairly:
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
  Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
  The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
  The sodger's wealth is honour;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
  Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
  In day and hour of danger.

****

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

'TWAS all how and about and concerning the war,
  And all the glory of Britain's bold navy;
And all our fine brushes, and what 'twas all for,
  That the whistle of fame has sung out sea and shore,
  For when british bull dogs begin for to roar,
The prettiest shall soon cry peccavi.

For the war, how it happened, and what 'twas about,
  That's nothing to we, tars must do as they're bid;
So, all I can tell you, the war once broke out,
  They told us to lick'em, and lick'em we did.
As for order and such, you don't get that from me,
  I shall just as they come speak of actions that's past,
So they do us but honour as lords of the sea,
  It don't matter a damn, which come first or which last:

Spoken.] Why now, there was Howe and the glorious first of June! then there was Jarvis when he beat the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven; Duncan, with his hard blows with the Dutch; Nelson and the Nile: but, lud, 'tis nonsense to tell you about these grand affairs. For our great grand grand children will read about it, you know, in almanacs and things, just as people read of the hard frost and fire in London. It is the neat little brushes, that I intends to talk to you about. There was Pellew in the Hampin, don't you remember; pegging away at that seventy-four, just for all the world like two school-boys licking a great hulking fellow; then there was Fawkener; who would not have died like Fawkener? and then there was Cooke, in the East Indies, he fell nobly too; damme, if I would not as soon be Cooke as Fawkener. But avast, avast, there was another brave fellow; indeed there was plenty of brave fellows, if that was all, but I mean Hood, in the Mars, just saw the Hercules strike, and died. Hollo, zounds, I shall be swabbing my bows, if I go on at this rate; stay, what was there else? oh, there was the brush with the La Pomone; and then you know, Sir Sidney, he did some neat things; and then there was Trollope, in the Glatton; and there was, you know there was, damme if I know what there was, but

As for me, I e'nt learn'd, for I can't read or write,
  But, what's reading or writing, or any such arts?
To find their due praise for their country that fight,
  We must read from our mem'ries what's writ in our hearts.
Not that heroes e'er brag or for flattery sue,
  True bravery was never yet known to be vain,
And the thanks and the honours so nobly their due,
  By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

Spoken.] Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as Pellew, when he took the Cleopatra?

boarded her and struck her colours, then there was Saumarez, off Cherbourgh, took the Re-union, killed and wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss of a British seaman. Both knighted and barow-knighted, that's right; some sense to fight for a country like this. In short, we worked them, we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory; but for the matter of that, we had all this on our side before. Then we took Liberty that was just bringing coals to Newcastle, you know; Glory, ditto repeated; after that, we took Immortality, but they did not care much about that; and then, at last, we took their Constitution. That was nonsense, we had a good Constitution of our own. Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and Fame, and Concord; damme, we took almost every thing from them but palaver, and that they are welcome to. Well then, we took all the Saints from the Spaniards; and then we took from the Dutch, I don' know what the devil we took from the Dutch, with their cursed hard names.

As for me, &c.

****

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardor for conquest our bosoms may glow,
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensign we view from afar,
With three cheers they're welcom'd by each British tar;
While the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside! she sinks! down she goes!
Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes;
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

****

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hounds and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn:
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view:
She's lost!
For Daphne is lost to my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian', the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,---
Though Daphne's pursu'd--'tis Myrtillo that dies!
That dies!
Though Daphne's pursu'd,--'tis Myrtillo that dies.

****

GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

How stands the glass around?
For shame, you take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound!
The trumpets sound
The colours now are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground!

Why, soldiers! why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why soldiers! why:
Whose business 'tis to die.
What! sighing! fie;
Kill fear, drink on, be jolly boys!
'Tis he, you, or I,---
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always found to follow, boys;
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you boys;
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and good company
Cure all again.

****

THE WOODMAN.

FAR remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews;
How art shall shape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheel-barrow where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig:
The stage, where boxers croud in flocks,

Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
  Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh, what grief!
The jibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sat the great Lord Chief,
  The throne, the cobler's stall;
Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
Mak'st Folly's whims, Pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
  And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford,
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
  Confess the woodman's stroke;
He made the press that bleeds the vine,
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine,
The hall itself, where tiplers join
  To crack the mirthful joke.

****

THE OLD CLOATHS MAN.

SHOES, hats, and old cloaths, hare skin, rabbit skin,
Come my pretty maid, old cloaths, old cloaths,
About the squares,
I cry my vares,
When to open the findow the maid begin,
So den I vait
At the airy gait,
And coax um and chuck'em under the chin.

Spoken.] Vat you got for me diss time, mine dear? Ah, vat is tiss! Ah, tiss de coat, de plack coat, de plack coat is ferry koot coat; but, ven he ket shabby, he ket ferry shabby. Beside, nobody vear de black coat but de parson, and de master parson pye de new coat, and the churneyman parson cant

afford to pye any coat at all. I kiff you tree shillings for te plack coat. Nonsense, ket away, I vant to talk to diss laty bout the kishen stuff: vell, vell, I kiff you fife, but den you mosse kiff me that shoe, that handkerchief, dat stocking. Ah, dat is for pretty girl, good morning my lofe, I fish you great luck vid de kishen stofe.

So I trick all de flat again and again,
Till by dat time I come to Rosemary-Lane,
Like a snow-ball, still bigger and bigger I crows,
While loudly I cry, shoes, hats, and old cloaths.
So I tink no sin
To take 'em in;
Shoe, stocking, every ting make my own,
As I trick de flat,
One, two, three hat,
I look like the pope with my triple crown.

Spoken.] Ah Monsieur le Valet! vat you got tiss morning! Ah, vat is de breeches, de small cloaths, de inexpressible? Ah, tis de breeches de fine dashing fellow stare de laty de face, knock down de fatchmen, get his nose pull a little some time, ferry bad stain in the front; ah nothing coot put de pocket; ferry coot pocket, coot as new. Never ket no money to put in um, and so never fare um ote. Stay, let me look de faiscoat. Vat it tiss? oh, it is de tayler bill; damme so long my arm; tiss is te fay: te youn chentlemen alfay sell his cloaths afore he pay for um. Vel, I give you tree sixpence. Oh, Moses, you must stand my friend, I fant a guinea. A kinny! yes, I got my master fatch, I take to te fatch-maker, I kiff you for little pawn, I kot an appointment this evening; tam fine girl, Moses. Fell, fell, I take de fatch. Dam fool! vortey, fifty pone, I ket all his kuts out before he come home again; but, pon my soul you ferry great rogue, pawn your master fatch! you must not keep company with man of my character.

So I tricks all de flats again, and again,
Till, by dat time I kets to Rosemary-Lane,

An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
  Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seamen flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
  "By the mark---seven!"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
  With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
  Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung!
And to the watchful pilot sung,
  "Quarter less---five!

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
  We shorten sail---she feels the tide---
"Stand clear the cable is the cry---
  The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seamen with delight,
  Proclaim, "All's well!"

****

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

COME, never seem to mind it,
  Nor count your fate a curse,
However sad you find it,
  Yet, somebody is worse:
In danger some may come off short,
  Yet why should we despair,
For though bold tars are fortune's sport,
  They still are fortune's care.

Why when our vessel blew up,
  A fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
  The crew, each mother's son;
They sunk: some rigging stop'd me short,
  While twirling in the air,
And thus, if tars, &c.

Young Peg, of Portsmouth Common,
  Had like t'have been my wife;
Longside of such a woman
  I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Sam Davenport,
  She convoy'd to Horn Fair,
And thus, if tars, &c.

A splinter knock'd my nose off;
  My bowsprit's gone, I cries:
Yet well it kept their blaws off,
  Thank God, 'twas not my eyes;
Chance if again it sends that sort,
  Let's hope I've had my share,
Though thus bold tars, &c.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
  Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartrige burst, and douted
  Both my two precious glims;
Well, then they're gone! I cry'd, in short,
  Yet fate my life did spare,
And thus, though tars, &c.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,
  Yet cheerfully would sing,
Were my disasters triple,
  'Cause why?---'Twas for my king:
Besides each christian's exhort,
  Pleas'd, will some pity spare;
And thus, though tars are fortune's sport,
  They still are fortune's care.

****

BIBO.

WHEN Bibo went down to the regions below,
Where Lethe and Styx round eternity flow,
He wak'd in the boat, and would be row'd back,
For his soul it was thirsty, and wanted some sack;

But Charon replied, "You were drunk when you dy'd,
"For you ne'er felt the pain that to death is ally'd,"
"Take me back," cried old Bibo, "I mind not the pain,
"For if I was drunk, let me die once again."

"Forget," reply'd Charon, "these regions of strife,
Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life:
Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,
E'en the gods themselves sip of the care drowning stream,"
"The gods!" reply'd Bibo, "drink water who will,
For the maxims of mortals I'll ever fulfill;
So prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
Our Lethe on earth is a bumper of wine."

At length grim old Cerberus began his loud roar,
When the old crazy bark struck the Stygian shore;
Then Bibo awoke, and he stagger'd to land,
And he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand.
Says Charon, "I tell you, 'tis vain to rebel,
For you are banish'd from earth, and now are in hell;"
That's a truth," cry'd old Bibo, "I know by this sign,
'Tis a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine."

****

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care, I pr'ythee begone from me,
Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree;
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill,
But I'faith, dull care,
Thou never shall have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;

My wife shall dance and I will sing,
  So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
  To drive dull care away.

****

THE POST CAPTAIN.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
  Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
  Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
  For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
  He would hold on the jigger.
While ten jolly tars with musical Joe,
Hove the anchor apeak, singing yeo, heave yeo,
    yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, heave yeo.

To hand top-ga'nt-sails next he learn'd,
  With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose generous master then discern'd,
  And priz'd his dawning merit,
He taught him soon to reef and steer
  When storms convuls'd the ocean,
Where shoals made skilfull vet'rans fear,
  Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command hard a port, helm
  a lee,
    Luff, boy, luff, keep her near,
    Clear the buoy, make the pier,
None to the pilot answer'd like he,
When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,
Hard aport helm a lee.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
  The foe he oft defeated;

And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
  Post captain he is rated:
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
  Still bravely would defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
  He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild, to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe,
    Wounded tars share his wealth,
    All the fleet drink his health,
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to shew,
To a brave conquer'd foe.

****

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YE gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think on the dangers of the seas,
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly shew
    All the cares
    And the fears,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder, which darkness do enforce,
We often find our ships to stray beyond our wonted course,
Which causeth great destruction, and sinks our hearts full low,
    'Tis in vain
    To complain,
  When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at war
With any foreign nation, we fear no wound or scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach them our valor for to know,

Whilst they reel
On the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be afraid,
While we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a trade,
Our merchants will employ us to bring them wealth, we know;
Then be bold,
Work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

****

A SENSIBLE MADMAN.

A LORD, whom his friends had been obliged to put in a private mad-house, was not mad enough to remain insensible to the charms of the keeper's pretty daughter. His lordship, encouraged in his addresses, agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published, and they left the mad-house in a coach, to have the ceremony performed. When arrived in the church, his lordship very properly led the lady to the altar; and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his lordship, "do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" Upon which he exclaim'd, "No, no, not so mad as that, neither!" then, taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.

****

MATRIMONY.

"CRIES Nell to Tom," midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife,"

"By all the powers," said Tom, "but that's too bad,
"You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

****

EPITAPHS.

AT three-score winter's end I died
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARGARET PATIENCE,

Who, to the inexpressible regret of her husband, John Fretful, *departed this life at the advanced age of* 46.

My wife beneath this stone I dearly love,
Though oft I beat and bruis'd her while above.
Indeed, my Meg, I'ad always loved thee so,
Had'st thou but died some 20 years ago.

ON A MISER.

They call thee rich, I deem thee poor,
Since if thou dar'st not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thine heirs
The treasure is not thine but theirs.

LIFE.

The following inscription is to be found in the church-yard of Longtown.

Our life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;

The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

TOM'S SPOUSE.

TOM's fruitful spouse bestow'd a yearly child,
And he was happy whilst the bantlings smil'd;
Three years ago he join'd a martial band,
And sought for laurels in a distant land;
Yet such the force of habit, Nell, they say,
Still has her yearly child, though Tom's away.

ON SIR JOHN HILL.

For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is!

****

LAW AGAINST RAVISHERS.

"If any man take a woman," says one law of the Isle of Man, "by constraint, or force her against her will, if she be a wife, he must suffer the law for her: if she be a maid or single woman, the deemster or judge shall give her a rope, a sword, and a ring; and she shall have her choice, either to hang him with the rope, cut off his head with the sword, or marry him with the ring. Report says, that every complainant has been lenient except one, who presented the *rope*, but relented on the prisoner being tucked up, and desired he might be let down. She then presented the *ring*, but the prisoner replied, "*That one punishment was enough for one crime; therefore he should keep the ring for some future occasion.*"

****

A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER,

TO A LADY.

Most amiable Madam,

AFTER a long consideration of the great reputation, that you have in this nation; for my own preservation, I have a great inclination to become your relation: And to give demonstration of this my estimation, without equivocation, I am making preparation, by a speedy navigation, to remove my habitation, to a nearer situation, for to pay you adoration, for the sake of conversation.

And if this my declaration, may but find your approbation, it will impose an obligation, without dissimulation, from generation to generation upon

TIMOTHY OBSECRATION.

To which the Lady sent the following Answer.

Man of Ostentation,

I am filled with admiration, and fired with indignation, at your fulsome adulation, and deceitful laudation. I (to your mortification) have a great detestation, to the constant tribulation, and usual vexation, of a conjugal station, and to hymen's abomination, love free evagation, without refranation, and have mighty delectation, in every recreation, sans secret reservation.

You may save your versification, (devoid of adoration) your intended peregrination, or further application, for they will meet with frustration.

Know my solemn protestation, my firm asseveration, and final adjudication, is to make no astipulation, or dull annexation, with a man not worth appellation, of age for regeneration.

When I incline to fornication, my plan of operation, is with a man of penetration, of vigorous corporation, a lover of association, and pleasing redintegration, yielding to gubernation; a despiser

of recrimination, and all defamation, ready at vindication, without tergiversation.

I here send my negation, to your confabulation, all manner of replication, or any visitation, upon pain of castration, perhaps amputation, or total ruination; and leaving you to meditation, on all words ending in *a-ti-on* till you exhaust the termination, I without alteration, for my own conservation, sweet pacification, and real consolation, shall continue my fixration, in perpetual aberration, while there's any animation, in

CONSTANTIA VARIATION.

****

THE SMUGGLER.

'TWAS one morn, when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue then serenely,
Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
Shou'd coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor ashore;
When his pockets were lin'd, why his life should be mended;
The laws he had broken, he'd never break mor

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night, (if I've luck,) furls the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
Will lay too 'till the night came on, darksome and dreary;
To croud ev'ry sail then he pip'd up each hand;

But a signal soon spied, ('twas a prospect uncheery,)
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, (cries Will,) well, take no heed on't:
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Shou'd my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run.
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
Oh! Oh! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, e'er we think about sheering:
One broadside pour in, shou'd we swim, boys, or drown.

But shou'd I be popp'd off; you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it;
Then sheer'd--and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with;
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;

He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow;
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

****

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

FRIEND of my Soul! this Goblet sip
'Twill chace thy pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as Woman's lip,
But oh! 'tis more sincere:
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind,
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were cull'd at noon,
Like woman's love, the rose will fade,
But ah! not half so soon;
For tho' the flower's decay'd,
It's fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

****

ANECDOTES.

I.

AT the close of the American war, as a noble lord, of high naval character, was returning home

to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer house he heard the well known sound of bullets whistling near him, he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door close beside him; he looked out of the window, and saw two gentlemen who were just charging their pistols again, and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them, upon the imprudance of firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was within side. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclamed at once his disposition and his country----" Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready-charg'd pistols, " to give you *the satisfaction of a gentleman*----take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman----" Do me the justice, Sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me take two shots at you, then we shall be upon equal terms; and I shall be quite at your service to give or receive *the satisfaction of a gentleman*."

There was an air of drollery and of superiority in his manner, which, at once, struck and pleased the Hibernian----" Upon my conscience, Sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking at him earnestly in the face, " and I've a great mind to shake hands with you.---Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name---a name dear to every Briton and every Irishman!

" I beg your pardon; and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; " and, had I known who you were, I

would as soon have *shot my own soul* as have fired at the door.---But how could I tell who was within side?"---"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

II.

AN old gentleman having occasion for a footman, desired his nephew to look out for one; and as he could not find any other whom he thought would suit him, he desired his own to hire himself to his uncle. The man, who revered his young master, reluctantly quitted him; but being persuaded it would be for his advantage, he repaired to the old gentleman, who being confident that his nephew would not recommend him an improper person, only asked him, if he understood *sequences*. "I do not know, Sir," replied the man; "but if you will be pleased to explain yourself, I hope I shall be able to give you satisfaction."---"I mean," said the old gentleman, "that when I order you to lay the cloth, you should understand by it all the things connected with it, as the knives, forks, salt, spoons, &c. &c. And so upon all occasions, not to do barely what you are bid, by word of mouth, but to think of the *con-sequences, sequences* or dependences of one thing upon another."

The man assured him that he had not the least doubt of pleasing him: accordingly he was hired, and for some time they agreed perfectly well, but at last his master finding himself suddenly ill, one morning ordered him to fetch a nurse as soon as possible. Instead of returning with speed, he was absent for several hours; and the moment he came into his master's presence, he severely reprimanded him for staying so long away, when he had sent him on business that required dispatch. The arch fellow waited till the old gentleman's passion was

abated, and then proceeded to justify his conduct in the following manner: "That he went and found the nurse, who was below: that thinking the *consequence* of a nurse might be an apothecary, he had been for one, who was also below: that knowing a doctor always followed an apothecary, he had likewise fetched a physician, who was in waiting. A surgeon was often, he said, the *sequence* to a doctor, and an undertaker the *consequence* of all: he had therefore brought them, and hoped he had thoroughly understood his orders." The old gentleman was so pleased with the humour of the man, that he ordered him to fetch a lawyer to make a codicil to his will, by which he left him a valuable legacy.

III.

ON a trial at the Admiralty sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asked one of the witnesses, whether he was for the plaintiff or defendant? "Plaintiff or defendant! says the sailor, scratching his head: "why, I don't know what you mean by *plaintiff* or *defendant*. I come to speak for that man there!" pointing at the prisoner.--"You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means."--Some time after being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time--"Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor. "*Abaft the binnacle!*" replied the barrister: "what part of the ship is that?"---"*An't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor*," said the sailor, pointing archly at him with his finger, "*not to know what abaft the binnacle is?*"

****

CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?

Can a wand'ring wretched creature,
  With such terrors fill thy breast?
Do my frenzy looks alarm thee;
  Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
  Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
  Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
  Think them false,---I found them so.
For I lov'd,---oh! so sincerely,
  None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
  Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
  Which was doom'd to love but one:
He sigh'd---he vow'd---and I believ'd him;
  He was false---and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
  Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled!---with him for ever
  Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,
  And with frenzy'd looks beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
  On that spot where first we met;
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
  Still I slowly pace the plain!
While each passer-by, in pity,
  Cries---"God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

****

BRIGHT CHANTICLEER.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
  And spangles deck the thorn,

The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
  The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,
  Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of my song,
  This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, chevy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
  The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
  The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland winds they sweep along,
  O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd too true the song,
  This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
  The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
  His joys were in the chace;
Alike the generous sportsman burns,
  To win the blooming fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
  They each become his care.
With a hey, ho, &c.

****

BRITANNIA AT NELSON'S TOMB.

PALE and languid sat Britannia,
  Reclining o'er her Nelson's urn,
In vest of mourning, still indulging
  Tears that scald, and sighs that burn!

For he, in whom her heart delighted,
  Whose name was terror to the foe,

Tho', like the sun, he set in glory,
  Wak'd her inmost soul to woe.

Alas! bereav'd of such a treasure,
  Deep she felt the sense of pain;
Future blessings nothing mov'd her----
  Consolation was in vain.

In softest whispers Hope presented
  Other Nelsons to her view,
With laurel'd trophies, splendid honors,
  Bright as fancy ever drew.

Still undiminish'd was her sorrow,
  No words reliev'd her ardent pain:
Till, after hours of speechless anguish,
  Thus she mourn'd her hero slain.----

A I R.

Hero of Ocean's tide,
  Is then thy spirit fled?
Rests then Britannia's pride
  Among th' illustrious dead!
For thee she heaves the sigh,
  For thee she drops the tear;
But while the god of day
  Illumes the rolling year,
Till time be pass'd away,
  Thy name shall never die!

****

S O N G.

A BLACKSMITH, you'll own, is so clever,
  And great in the world is his place,
And the reason I've guess'd, why for ever,
  A blacksmith's deserving of grace.
Great lawyers who plead and who preach,
  While many good causes they mar,

May yield to the blacksmith to teach,
For he labours still more at the *bar*.
Sing fal de la, &c.

When great men do wrong in the state,
The Commons try hard at their poles;
While the blacksmith, as certain as fate,
Could have'em *haul'd over the coals*.
And if rogues put their name to a draft,
The law for their hanging will teaze;
But blacksmiths are free from all craft,
And may *forge* just as much as they please.
Fal de la, &c.

The *vices* of trade he holds cheap,
And laughs at the world as it rails,
For, spite of the pother they keep,
They can't make a smith *eat his nails!*
And if, to his praise be it spoke,
To raise him still higher and higher,
You may say, and without any joke,
All he gets, is got *out of the fire*.
Fal de la, &c.

Then let blacksmiths be toasted around,
For well it may always be said,
When a fortune by blacksmiths is found,
They must hit the right *nail o' the head*.
No *irony* now I'm about,
To his *metal* you'll find him still true;
Since I've *hammer'd his history out*,
I hope 'twill be *temper'd* by you.
Sing fal de la, &c.

****

BLACK EYE'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eye'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain!
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only meet to part again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find---
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

****

EXHIBITIONS; OR, JOHN LUMPS RAMBLE TO SOMERSET HOUSE.

IF you please, Sirs, might I be so bold as to say,
(For I fancy I've somehow mistaken my way,)
Is this *Common* Garden? Why, 'tis, I declare,
Aye, and I thought I could never mistake my way there.
Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis not long ago since I first com'd to town,
And though I be only a poor simple clown,
Says I, "Now I'll see all the fine sights I can,"
So the very next morning to Smithfield I ran.
Tol de rol, &c.

What I most wish'd to see, Sirs, was Bartlemy fair,
'Caze I'd heard some gay things were exhibited there.
I expected some fun, but was greatly mistaken,
And zeed nought but oxen and sheep fat as bacon.
Tol de rol, &c.

From Smithfield I went down to Westminster Hall,
Where the lawyers all try which the loudest can bawl;

But them I soon left, for I'd heard people say,
If you hear them talk much, there's a good deal to pay.
Tol de rol, &c.

At last I found out that all folks of condition
Pass'd a morning at Somerset House exhibition;
So I thought just for once, as that there was the case,
I'd e'en make one among'em, and shew my sweet face.
Tol de rol, &c.

The *picters*, I own, look'd all clever and right,
But the ladies, Oh! bless 'em, they made the best sight;
And rightly to tell would ha' puzzled a ghost,
Whether women or *picters* were painted the most.
Tol de rol, &c.

Now they always kept laughing and staring at me,
But what it were for, sure I cou'dn't see;
And the *picters* and all, look wherever I wou'd,
They star'd at me too, just like flesh and blood.
Tol de rol, &c.

There were horses as nat'ral as ever could be,
And our sailors a licking the French on the sea.
The French! but don't let me forget it, oh! never;
There were one beating Frenchmen and Spaniards together.
Tol de rol, &c.

But to Portsmouth, or Plymouth, if you'd only go,
There's a rare exhibition we took from the foe;
There the enemy's fleets safe at anchor are shewn;
Such a sight, pray, what country can shew but our own?
Tol de rol, &c.

But see, there's the prompter he wants me away;
I would sing ye more, but he'll not let me stay:

He fancies you'll think me an impudent elf,
In staying so long to exhibit myself.

Tol de rol, &c.

****

ANECDOTE OF MR. ERSKINE.

THE following declaration of Mr. Erskine, in a late speech on the rights of juries, deserves the attention and imitation of all.---"It was the first command," said he, "and counsel to my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I hope the practice of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that the adherence to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it, on the contrary the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

****

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT DUKE OF NORFOLK.

SOME months ago, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on 70l. a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was advised to come to town, and apply to the BISHOP of LONDON, in whose gift the living was, for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his lordship's house, in St. James's-Square. By mistake he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of NORFOLK's; and enquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received an answer in the affirmative, but that he was then engaged. The old gentleman requested

the servant to go up and intreat his master to be at home to him, as his business was of much consequence. The Duke with that urbanity which distinguishes him, on being informed a respectable looking old clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit. "My lord," said the old gentleman, "the rector of -------- is dead, and I was advised by my parishioners to come to town, and intreat the friendship and protection of your lordship. I have served the parish many years, and hope I have acquitted myself with propriety."---"And pray, whom do you take me for, sir?" said the Duke interrupting him. "The BISHOP of LONDON, my lord." His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a servant entering---"John, who am I?"---"The Duke of NORFOLK, sir,"---"Good God!" said the curate, starting from the chair, "I humbly intreat your Grace's pardon, and assure you that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake."---"Stop, stop, my good friend! you and I don't part thus---we must first take a glass together, and then see whether I can't shew you the way to the BISHOP of LONDON's house." His Grace and the Curate took t'other bottle, found their way to the Bishop's---and the old gentleman left St. James's-Square 340l. a year richer than he entered it.

****

A PEEP AT THE FORTY THIEVES.

YOUR pardon, kind gentlefolk, pray,
  But I'se call'd on to roar out a song, Sirs;
And when a man's call'd on, they say,
  It's ill manners to make you wait long, Sirs;
So I'll e'en try my hand at a stave,
  Tho' mayhap you may jeer me and flout it,

But it's one of the best that I have,
And so now you shall hear all about it.
Rum ti, &c.

It isn't long sin I first com'd
Fra' the north, and so you must needs think, Sirs,
I'se a lad that's not easily humm'd,
Unless it be when I'se in drink, Sirs;
And somehow, I don't know which way,
But the folk up in town be so droll, Sirs,
That I must ha' been drunk every day,
For they humm'd me, by gum, one and all, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

I wur ganging one night by the play,
Never heeding about it a pin, Sirs,
When I fairly were carried away
Off my legs, by the croud getting in, Sirs.
I shouted as loud as I cou'd,
And I tell'd 'em I war'nt o' their party,
But a lady insisted I shou'd,
And said, "Push on, keep moving, my hearty."
Rum ti, &c.

"Heave a head!" says a sailor, "you lubbard,"
No odds about my being willing,
So I com'd to a man in a cupboard,
Who bade me lug out my two shilling;
And while I wur groping about,
My money to find I declare, Sirs,
My pockets I found inside out
And the devil a penny was there, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

The croud which before had so push'd,
Thinks I, dang you, push on now or never,
For I didn't now mind being crush'd
And I got in for nothing quite clever.
The play wur soon ended, and then
Forty Thieves they com'd in all so funney
I suppose it were some of them men
As had diddled me out of my money.
Rum ti, &c.

So in town as I'd not long to stay,
  I resolv'd to see all that I cou'd, Sirs,
And I went once again to the play,
  Where I paid for a seat, tho' I stood, Sirs;
Common Garden, I think, was the spot,
  And some beautiful posies they shew there,
And if oft to come here was my lot,
  I as oft would be tempted to go there.
Rum ti, &c.

There wur one fellow walk'd on-to the stage,
  Said he'd newly just com'd out o' Yorkshire;
By gum, he put me in a rage,
  He made game so of our country talk, Sirs.
Folk call'd him a comical lad,
  But for what, I declare, I can't tell, Sirs,
I never seed nothing so bad;
  I'd ha' done it---eye, better myself, Sirs.
Rum ti, &c.

****

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
  Fair Adelaid hy'd when the battle was o'er;
O whither, she cry'd, hast thou wander'd my lover,
  Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,
  All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar,
When bleeding alone on the heath she descried,
  By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
  And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
  That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How smit was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight!
  How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded hussar."

"Thou shalt live!" she reply'd, "heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn;"
"Ah! no the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar---"
His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar!

****

THE TAR WHO WAS WOUNDED AT SEA.

I'M return'd from the ocean again, my brave boys,
And the rage of the battle is o'er;
Yet Time, the dispencer of sorrows and joys,
No ease to my breast can restore.
For my limb was lopt off, ah! how dreadful the smart!
And I wander by Fortune's decree;
Let love then subsist in each feeling heart,
For the tar who was wounded at sea.

When I parted with Sue, and for fame barter'd love,
My anguish no words can explain;
But the Valiant once boarded, I rous'd up, by Jove,
And forgot all my trouble and pain.
I fought with the foe till my splinters were torn,
And they left me for dead, dire decree!
Altho' poor and helpless, still wanders forlorn,
The tar who was wounded at sea.

With tender compassion regard his sad lot;
Who from duty and love would not swerve,

But still hazard his life, tho' his name be forgot,
His country and king to preserve.
Let the mite of sweet Pity be tenderly dealt,
And warm this old bosom with glee,
And gratitude ne'er will more strongly be felt,
Than the tar's who was wounded at sea.

****

THE FARMER.

HERE's to each jolly fellow,
That loves to be mellow,
Attend unto me and sit easy;
For a bottle in quiet,
My boys, let us try it,
For dull thinking will make a man crazy;
Whilst here I am king,
Let us laugh, dance, and sing;
Let no mortal appear as a stranger;
But shew me the ass
That refuses his glass,
And I'll order him grass in a manger.
Lal de lal, &c.

By reaping and mowing,
By ploughing and sowing,
Dull nature supplies me with plenty;
I've a plentiful board,
And a cellar well stor'd,
And my garden supplies me with dainties;
I have land I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
And I'm here as Justice of Quorum;
In my cabin's far end
I've a bed for a friend,
With a clean fire-side and a jorum.
Lal de lal, &c.

Was it not for my seeding
You would have poor feeding,

For indeed you would soon starve without me.
My mind is content
When I pay my own rent,
And I'm happy when friends are about me.
Draw near to my table,
Ye boys that are able,
Let us hear no more words of complaining,
For the ringing of glasses
All music surpasses,
I long to see bottles a draining.
Lal de lal, &c.

Let the mighty and great
Roll in splendor and state,
For I envy no mortal, I swear it;
For I eat my own ham,
My own chicken, and lamb,
And I sheer my own sheep and I wear it;
I have all things in season,
Such as woodcock, and pheasant,
And the lark is my morning alarmer,
So may each good fellow
That loves to be mellow,
Drink "the plough and the good honest farmer."
Lal de lal, &c.

****

DICKEY GROG.

A CALEDONIAN tar am I,
Return'd to take some pleasure;
On shore again, with Nell, I'll try
To spend my little treasure;
When young, I lightly us'd to trip
Through moorland, brake, or bog, sir,
As dad design'd me for a ship,
He call'd me Dicky Grog, sir.

I fearless met each British foe,
From Greenland to Good Hope, sir,

From Marmora to Mexico,
  I strove with them to cope, sir,
My namesake cheer'd my mates and me;
  We always did them flog, sir;
Our sole delight was to bravely fight,
  Then conquer and drink grog, sir,

With Vincent we the Spaniards fought,
  And made the Dons to run, sir,
We fought the Dutch at Camperdown,
  But found it sharper fun, sir;
We, at the Nile, the French did foil,
  They died, or swam like frogs, sir;
Their tars we sav'd--- their fleet secur'd,
  Then cheerly drank our grog, sir.

The stubborn Dane we next subdu'd,
  And broke their d--n'd coalition:
The Swede and Russ for peace they su'd,
  We granted their petition.
'Bout ship we put, our coast to guard
  From menacing French dogs, sir,
And laugh'd to see their vain bravado,
  While we tipp'd off our grog, sir.

What glorious fun, to see them run,
  Whene'er we hove in sight, sir;
A-right a-left, the surge did foam.
  As we pursu'd their flight, sir,
Below, aloft, both fore and aft,
  Each sailor stood agog, sir,
To make them prize---but, d--n their eyes,
  They left us drinking grog, sir.

They found us firm, prepar'd so well
  To meet their utmost boast, sir;
A peace they ask'd---and strange to tell,
  We gave back all they lost, sir;
Was e'er such valour thrown away?
  Such victories lost in fog, sir,
The Gauls but flatter to betray,
  And ruin Dicky Grog, sir.

But, hark! the trumpet's warlike sound:
  Makes hills and dales to ring, sir,
Calls Britain's sons to rally round
  The standard of their King, sir.
I go---adieu, my faithful Nell,
  I go---to check this plund'rer;
The haughty Consul soon shall feel
  The pow'r of British thunder!

My gallant comrades, arm with speed,
  Repel the tyrant stranger;
Curs'd be the man who fears to bleed,
  To save his home from danger,
For me---with Nelson, Smith, and Co.
  I'll thro' the ocean jog, sir,
We'll flog this d--n'd marauding foe,
  Then triumph o'er our grog, sir.

****

THE TOM CAT.

WELL here I am to tell,
  Because it is my fancy;
I lov'd a pretty girl,
  And some folks call'd her Nancy.
Now Nancy I thought lov'd me,
  Or else I dreamt or read so,
And all because d'ye see,
  That somebody had said so.
La ral la ral la, &c.

'Twas but t'other night
  I call'd, a little mellow,
When out she pop'd the light,
  And down stairs run a fellow.
Says I "Pray, who's been here?"
  When she who thought me boozy,
Cried, "Nobody my dear,
  Only Tom our pussy."
La ral la, &c.

"O curse that Tom!" says I,
"If he comes here a mousing,
"My sweetest Nan good-bye;
I hate such damn'd carousing."
"But we shall wed," says she,
"And every body cries so."
Says I, "That ne'er can be,
"Since every body lies so."
La ral la, &c.

So any body now
May take my charming Nancy;
Because, d'ye see, as how
She does not suit my fancy.
That Tom, that damn'd Tom cat,
Should Nancy in marriage catch me,
Strange things they might be at,
And now and then might scratch me.
La ral la, &c.

****

THE FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper.
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
"Some thief whom an halter will throttle---
"Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
"While I was engag'd with the bottle---
"Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home strait and level---
But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scamper'd due north like the devil.

"This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,
"I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
"And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
"While I am engag'd with the bottle,"
Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking and grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
"But to drink with their tails is amazing."
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of the bottle;
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
I wish I was over the bottle!"
Which goes gluggity, &c.

****

YOUNG ROGER THE PLOWMAN.

YOUNG Roger the plowman who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
With nosegay so large in his holiday cloaths,
(His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.

Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor girl! was as bashful as he;
So he bow'd and he star'd and he let his hat fall,
Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-string play'd;
'Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one.

In silence the young ones both nodded assent,
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,

Where they answer'd the parson with voices so small,
You'd have swore that they both had said nothing
at all.

But mark what a change---in the course of a week,
Kate quite left of blushing, Roger boldly could
speak;
Could joke with his deary, laugh loud at the jest;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best.

And asham'd of past folly they've often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at courtship are
scar'd,
If at first to your aid some assurance you call,
When once you are us'd to't, 'tis nothing at all.

****

MR. O'GALLAGHER.

O, WHAT a dainty fine thing is the girl I love!
She fits my finger, as neat as a Lim'rick glove;
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my
bride.
The skin on her cheek is as red as Eve's apple;
Her pretty round waist with my arms I'd soon
grapple:
But when that I ax'd her for leave just to follow
her,
She cock'd up her nose, and cry'd---*No*, Mr.
O'Gallagher.

O, Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you, why,
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie;
'Case you're hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and
bone!
Sure you'd me pity to see me grunt and groan.
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mollify,
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy;
Then with a frown, I'm desir'd not to follow her;
Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher.

'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her,
Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat, with her;
Cicely, my jewel, if that you will be my own,
Soon Father Luke, he will come and he'll make us one;
On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister bright:
Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night.
When that she found me determin'd to follow her,
I am your's, she then cry'd out, sweet Mr. O'Gallagher.

****

THE SEA STORM.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List ye landsmen all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,---
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants, quick be hauling!
Down your stay-sails! hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick the topsail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew!

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms;---

Round us roars the tempest louder;
  Think what fear our mind enthrals
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
  Now again the boatswain calls!

QUICK.

The topsail-yards point to the wind boys!
  See all clear to reef each course!
Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,
  Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
  Reef the mizen; see all clear:
Hand up! each preventer-brace set!
  Man the fore-yards; cheer, lads, cheer!

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
  Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
  In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
One wide water all around us,
  All above us one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us;
  Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out;
  O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
  Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
  Come, my hearts be stout and bold!
Plumb the well; the leak increases,
  Four feet water in the hold!

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
  We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
  Alas! from hence there's no return:

Still the leak is gaining on us;
  Both chain pumps are choak'd below:
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
  For only that can save us now!

QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
  Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
To the pump, come, every hand, boys;
  See our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found; it cannot pour fast;
  We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast;
  She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

MODERATE.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
  Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
  To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
  Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
  None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

****

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horn and the hounds call each sportsman
  away;
Thro' meadows and woods with speed now they
  bound
Whilst health, rosy health, is in exercise found:
Hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blythe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies to Cover and dogs quick pursue;

Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death;
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting all pastime and pleasure must yield.
Hark away, &c.

****

BRITANNIA'S DEFENDERS.

GENTLY slumb'ring, Britannia, on Albion's shore
Lay in peace, little dreaming but mischief was o'er,
Her posture recumbent set mischief agog,
And rous'd the vain hopes of the Corsican Frog.
To gain our dear Isle was his Consular plan,
At mischief still ready,
Staunch, firm, and steady,
He thought he our freedom could easy trepan.

Thus stepping as soft as a mouse in a cheese,
In his seven-league boots he strode o'er the seas,
Then looking around to see no one was near,
He smiling exclaim'd, "Now I'll have you, my dear."
Yes, this Corsican Frog thought our Isle to subdue,
But a Tar ever ready,
Bold, hardy, and steady,
Stepp'd behind him, and cry'd, "I'll be d---d if you do."

Then Britons, since this is the Corsican's plan,
Let him see we are ready, aye, all to a man
To treat the invader as boasters deserve,
And make him lay down [illegible] our Army Reserve;

Yes, the Corsican Frog we'll united subdue,
To our country steady,
Staunch, firm, and ready,
We'll die e'er discredit our native true blue.

****

THE AUCTIONEER.

THE auctioneer mounts, and---first hawing and hemming---
Addresses his audience with---Ladies and gemmen,
Permit me to make on this sale a few structures,
'Tis compris'd of some choice allegorical pictures.

Lot one is a portrait of Truth:---bid away!
For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what shall we say?

Suppose we say twenty thousand pounds for Truth: ten thousand: five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty guineas: one guinea. Nobody bid for truth? No lover nor lawyer in company stands in need of a little Truth? Any thing to begin with. "Sixpence!" "And a halfpenny!" Thank you, Sir.

A going, a going, a going---come, spirit, bid on; Will nobody bid more? A going---gone.

Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged cassock.

Lot two is Frugality modest and meek,
Mild Content in her eye, the fresh rose on her cheek,
The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health,
Who, in Nature's scant wishes, find Crœsus' wealth.

What d'ye say for Frugality, ladies? O fie!
What, nobody bid! Nobody!!---John, put Frugality by.

Lot three Dissipation. That's engaged: I could have sold them if I had had a thousand. Lot four:

Crim. Con. Oh Lord, that is disposed of, by private contract. Lot five: Fashion. Come, ladies, what shall we say for fashion? "Twenty thousand pounds."---Thank you Ma'am.---"Twenty-five." ---"Thirty."---

A going, a going, a going---come, spirit, bid on--What, nobody bid more?

"Mr. Smiler, to save trouble, you may send Fashion to my house upon your own terms." Much obliged to your ladyship.

---Going---gone.

Set down Fashion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues:---why, John,
Some strange metamorphose they've all undergone:
Why, Fortitude trembles, and looks like a sheep!
While Temp'rance is tipsy! and Justice asleep!
And as for Ma'am Prudence, she's quite in her airs-
Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down stairs!

Let me see, what have we else? Conscience. Oh, Lord! Honour. Worse and worse! A parcel of antiquated stuff. What's this? Anarchy!! Why, John, what business has Anarchy here? I thought that you knew that it was sold, long ago, for exportation.---And now you talk of exportation, you know this Portrait of Popularity is to be sent, as a public gift, to the Royal Brothers upon the Continent.---Loyalty. 'A hundred thousand pounds---two hundred thousand---three---four---five---six---seven---eight---a million---two million---two million---three million.'----

A going, a going, a going---come, courage, bid on: A going, a going ——

Ten million in five hundred places! Oh! I knew it was utterly impossible ever to find a *single* purchaser for Loyalty.

——Going---gone.

Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.

What remains, there is little occasion to heed,
Of Honor and Worth you have none of you need;
Good Humour and Frolic, and Laughter so plump,
I've sold you again and again, in a lump.

The last lot's Content, of sweet Pleasure the twin,
Come purchase Content, and I'll throw Pleasure in.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we say for Content? It is your interest to buy Content, What beauty can smile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buying it in, but my Content receives all its value from the reflection of your's. Come, I'll take nods and smiles for money. Much obliged to you, Sir:---- particularly favoured, Ma'am:---highly honoured, Sir:---you flatter me exceedingly, Miss!

A going, a going, a going--come, courage, bid on:
A going, a going---

Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!

---A going---gone.

Set down Content to the present company.

****

TO-MORROW.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be;
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford, for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,

With a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
And a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill,
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn out stuff which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

****

MUSHA GRAH WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME.

Tune—Nobody coming to marry me.

TWAS yesterday noon at dark,
I went to see Katty Maloy,

Whose beauty had just like a spark
  Set fire to my heart, my dear joy.

And its musha grah, what will become of me.
  Arrah now what will I do,
Sure Katty is making big fun of me,
  Which makes me look wond'rous blue.

With my head in my hand I advanc'd
  And stood on one knee to greet her,
My heart like a poney, joy, pranc'd,
  Becase that it happen'd to meet her.
And its musha grah, &c.

She tipt me a Kilmainham leer,
  Nor pity'd my love-sick disaster,
But bade me be seeking elsewhere,
  Becase she was mate for my master.
And its musha, &c.

Since Katty you mane to be cruel,
  Bad luck to myself then says I,
On a tree, to extinguish love's fuel,
  I'll hang myself, honey, to dry.
And its musha, &c.

But fait all my blarney won't do,
  She longs, perhaps, to see me a kicking,
But stop—I'll be damn'd if I do,
  I'm not such a soft-pated chicken.

No more I'll sing what will become of me,
  Musha grah, what will I do,
But get Judy at church to make one of me,
  And Katty in turn may look blue.

****

THE PRIEST OF KAJAAGA.

A Priest of Kajaaga, as blind as a stone,
  When he took to his bosom a wife,
Cried "deary, I never shall see you I own,
  But you'll be the delight of my life."

Then his arms o'er her shoulder he lovingly pass'd,
And says he, " my love what is this lump?"
She faulter'd a little—but told him at last,
" Please your holiness, only my hump."
Says the Priest, " then we cannot cohabit, d'ye see,
" Though I tenderly love you, indeed!
" For I've taken an oath that my children shan't be
" Of the camel and buffalo breed."
So he married another, he fancied would fit,
Coming home, in sweet conjugal talk,
She stopp'd the blind Priest, saying " sit down a bit,
" For my legs are too bandy to walk."
" Bandy legs," said the Priest, can't be counted for sins,
" So sit there as still as a mouse;
" For Mahomet curse me if ever your shins
" Shall waddle you into my house."
Then he turn'd up his eyes like the white of boil'd eggs,
And pray'd thus to Mahomet, smack,
" Great Prophet, afford me a wife with good legs,
" And with never a hump on her back."
Then the voice of the Prophet, in thunder, was heard,
And rumbled thus o'er his head,
" A handsome young woman that can't speak a word,
" Shall bless your blind Rev'rence's bed."
The Priest he bow'd low, crying " Mahomet's kind,
" Of happiness this is the sum!
" For a handsome young wife likes her old husband blind,
" And most men like a wife that is dumb."

****

THE CHAPTER OF DRIVING.

ood folks what a period of novelty this is,
We all at new fashions are striving;

But the art of all arts, and the bliss of all bliss,
Is the craft and the myst'ry of driving.

By his grace you observe on the driving box seated,
Lady Jane who despises all weather;
Up and down, fore and aft, she scarce needs be entreated
To settle each buckle and leather.

(Speaking.)—Do, my lady, couple up the off leaders; see the pole pieces are tight enough, and put your hand to the collars to feel they work easy; that's the thing, my lady—off we go again.

We all at new fashions, new fashions are striving,
But the art of all arts is the myst'ry of driving.

Sir John at his ease then is to go the inside in,
Along with her ladyship's maid, sirs;
My lady with John on the dickey likes riding,
She's a whip and she says, "who's afraid, sirs?"

Sir John a kind master has still been accounted,
To the poor little maid he's so civil,
My lady on high is delightfully mounted,
And is driving, some say, to the devil.

(Speaking)—Well my lady, how go you on?—O charmingly, Sir John; I assure you John is a capital driver, and I have a view of every thing. Are you and the maid quite comfortable within? But—

We all at new fashions are, striving,
But the art of all arts is myst'ry of driving.

The gouty old peer, in his landaulet snoring,
Still wishes his equipage grac'd, sirs!
So he's two pretty maids on the coach-box before him,
And the chaplain behind him is plac'd, sirs;

Then quick on the rough stoney roads as they jumble,
The chaplain is piously shaking,
And his stomach being large by the rough rumble tumble,
He's not in the very best taking.

(Speaking)—Well Jane and Susan, have you a fine prospect? O yes please your lordship. Well Mr. Stuffin how go you on? May it please your lordship a little quamish or so after dinner, rather land-sick—But

We all at new fashions are striving,
But the art of all arts is the myst'ry of driving.

Young Whip the Cantab, whom his father supposes
On dull mathematics grown pale, sirs,
In double-box coat buried up to the nose is,
And from Cambridge is driving the mail, sirs:

While all these good folks are their pleasures contriving,
May you unite yours, one and all, sirs,
And end this delectable chapter of driving,
By a general drive to Vauxhall, sirs.

(Speaking.)—The gardens look delightfully this season; never more brilliant.—Mrs. Bland is in capital voice; and your old friend Dignum is not much amiss.—But

We all at new fashions are striving,
But the art of all arts is the myst'ry of driving.

****

THE CORSICAN FROG.

A Corsican frog, sirs, was born near a pool,
With his croak away, high diddle ho,
Says he, to stop here, folks would call me a fool,
So in search of preferment I'll go.
This said, he set out on his chance-begot prance,
And mushroom like, somehow took, root sir, in France,
Where he led all his neighbours a wearisome dance,
With his croak away, &c.

Thus swell'd with conceit, and of arrogance full,
With his croak away, &c.

He thought, sirs, to swell and look big as a bull,
But that plan he was forced to forgo.
Then he hopp'd into Spain, and again 'gan to swell
Thinking there that no one, sirs, his pow'r durst repel,
But was ready to burst when he found them rebel,
'Gainst his croak away, &c.

Then he chose for their king, boys, his brother so fine,
With his croak, &c.
But his subjects they wou'dn't be caught in a line,
And that, sirs' they soon let him know,
Which made Joey to rail 'gainst his brother begin
For getting, him snar'd unawares in a gin,
Said he first catch the bear then dispose of his skin,
And his croak, &c.

Thus the French, boys, shall find us the bear and its cubs,
'Gainst their croak, &c.
They'd fain forge us chains, but trumps, sirs, in clubs,
And that, boys, we'll soon let them know;
Our country we love, and our king we adore,
Whom soon we'll make France, sirs, be glad to restore,
We'll rout them or fall to rise never more,
Success to our cause, boys, huzza.

****

SONG.

'Twas at Portsmouth I first saw my Nancy,
Her dad kept the sign of the ship,
When finding she suited my fancy,
I soon set love's anchor atrip;
So I lay-to and hail'd her one morning,
On courtship d'ye mind me agog,
And sailor-like, flattery scorning.
Talk'd of love as she serv'd out the grog.

For a sailor's delight, boys, at home or at sea,
Is, whatever foul weather may pass,
A snug man of war and good sea-room d'ye see,
His country, his king, and his lass.
Yeo ho,
His country, &c.

Three more sail were in chace of my frigate:
A French valet, Dutch skipper and Don,
Oh, (said I) boys, I'll soon make you jig it,
Or my name, d'ye mind me, an't John.
So no sooner monsieur tipt his lingo,
Than this fist, damme, settled his jaw,
Then I capsiz'd the Don, sirs, by jingo;
And the Dutchman learnt how to forestaw,
But a sailor, &c.

But avast now in Brazil I'm landed,
Of the past 'tis a folly to prate,
Where, although I was very near stranded,
I had near got a copper-skinn'd mate;
But this vessel belongs to my Nancy,
For her sake I'll go look for a prize,
Though no diamond can shine to my fancy
Half so bright, d'ye mind as her eyes.
Thus true to the compass, at home or at sea,
Let whatever foul weather may pass,
A sailor's sheet anchor is still d'ye see,
His country, his king, and his lass!

****

BOWLS AND RUBBERS; OR THE HOLIDAY COBLER.

Tune—Yorkshire Gala.

Oh when single how happy was I,
I sung as I work'd in my stall, sir,
Crack'd jokes on each vone that past by,
Though I oft pierc'd my sole with a awl, sir;
My lapstone I thump'd void of care,

Aye, and chaunted old ballads so pretty,
'Till I married and then I declare,
Lord my vife put an end to my ditty.
Rum ti idity, &c.

My heart is as tender as vax,
And her scolding oft makes me to sob, sir,
Because she my calling did tax
As a low one, and calls me a snob sir,
My pipe she oft breaks when I smoke,
Says drinking's by no means the dandy,
Though d'ye mind, the best part of the joke
Is she drinks nothing stronger than brandy.
Rum ti idity, &c.

To escape her terrible den,
To be sure sirs, I thought to make vone day,
With her gossips while swigging of gin,
I slip'd out on a cruize vone Saint Monday,
With a tailor and two or three more,
At nine pins I play'd, sirs, right snugly,
Till my rib she bounc'd in at the door,
And look'd as she'd gove us the ugly.
Rum ti idity, &c.

Then she tipt me a terrible scowl,
And swore she with us would be playing,
At the tailor she then threw the bowl,
Who knock'd down, 'mong the nine pins was laying.
The glasses and pots flew about,
A row was dish'd up with the gravy,
And poor I, for to finish the rout,
Struck my colours and cried out peccavi.
Rum ti idity, &c.

****

GIVE ME THE GALLANT BRITISH TAR.

THE sun, that on my native isle
With milder radiance deigns to smile,

Spares the sweet blushing maid it warms,
Nor rifles, but refines her charms;
Whilst you, that drive your panting flocks
To dreary wastes o'er barren rocks,
Where, in the rolling sand immers'd,
The patient camel dies for thirst,
Know how in vain it were to seek
For bloom upon the Moorish cheek,
Away! some darker damsel try
More to your taste—and pass me by

I do not, like the savage grace
Of wisker'd lip and tawney face;
The sly Italian's grin I dread,
The Frenchman's gabble splits my head,
I left the stiff and stately Don
Of proud Castile go strutting on,
For Russ or German, Dane or Dutch,
In troth I care not over-mutch:
Give me the gallant British Tar,
Who, 'midst the thunder of the war,
Will plunge into the briny wave
His vanquish'd sinking foe to save.

****

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

BY the side of a bridge which stands over a brook,
I was sent betimes to school;
I went with the stream as I studied my book,
And was thought to be no small fool.
I never yet bought a pig in a poke,
For to give every one his due,
Though oft I have dealt wi' Yorkshire folk,
Yet I was Yorkshire too.

I was pretty well lik'd by each village maid,
At races, wake, or fair,
For my father had addled a vast in trade,
And I were his son and heir.

And seeing that I didn't want for brass,
  Poor girls came first to woo,
But though I delight in a Yorkshire lass,
  Yet I were Yorkshire too.

To London by father I was sent,
  Genteeler fashions to see,
But fashion's too dear, I came back as I went,
  And so they made nothing o' me.
My kind relations would soon ha' found out
  What was best wi' my money to do:
Says I, my dear cousins, I thank you for nought,
  But I am not to be cozen'd by you.

****

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

YE British sons, awake to glory,
  Hark! hark! what myriads round you rise;
Your Children, Wives and Grandsires hoary,
  Behold their tears, and hear their cries.

Shall Bonaparte, mischief breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate our land,
Our peace and liberty lie bleeding,
  By a savage tyrant's hand?

To arms! to arms! ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On victory or death.

Now, the threaten'd storm is rolling,
  Which our foes have dar'd to raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
  And in their wish our cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
  While lawless force, with guilty stride,
  Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To arms! to arms! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despot dare,
His thirst of power and gold unbounded,
T' invade a people free as air.

As beasts of burden he would loads us,
Like God who bids us him adore!
But man is man—and who is more!
Then shall he longer threat t' invade us?

To arms! to arms! &c.

O Liberty! can we resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can a tyrant's threats confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That Murder's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their threats are unavailing.

To arms! to arms! &c.

****

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

OH, think on my fate! once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled! even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea.
I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore,
When thought brings to my mind my once happy estate,
I sigh! while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard, is my fate! Oh how galling my chain!
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel the sharp lash;
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,

While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
I sigh! and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt, we'd in view,
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe
And, dear Anna! I hurried from you,
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more,
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay--
He sigh'd--and expir'd at the oar.

****

STEADY SHE GOES.

THE British tar no peril knows;
But, fearless, braves the angry deep:
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep,
He, tho' the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes--all's well.

While on the main top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks--but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he loves so true;
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes--all's well.

The storm is pass'd--the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease,
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretel,
And his big heart springs,
While the steersman sings
Steady she goes--all's well.

****

THE SHIPWRECKED TAR.

ESCAP'D with life, in tatters,
  Behold me safe ashore,
Such trifles little matters,
  I'll soon get togs galore.
For Poll swore when we parted,
  No chance her faith should jar,
And Poll's too tender-hearted,
  To slight a shipwreck'd Tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
  He hastens on apace;
Poor Jack can't get a hearing,
  She never saw his face:
From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty,
  Relief is just as far;
Not one has the least pity,
  For a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
  Now his sad misery mocks;
That wants to call the beadle,
  To set him in the stocks.
Cried Jack, "this is hard dealing,"
  The elements at war,
Than you had greater feeling,
  They spar'd a shipwreck'd Tar.

But all their taunts and fetches,
  A judgment are on me;
I, for these harden'd wretches,
  Dear Nancy, slighted thee:
But see, poor Tray assails me,
  His mistress is not far,
He wags his tail and hails me,
  Tho' a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,
  Oh! lesson for mankind;

'Tis one, cry'd she, I taught him,
For on my constant mind
Thy dear image was graven,
And now remov'd each bar,
My arms shall be the haven,
For the poor shipwreck'd Tar.

Heaven and my love reward thee,
I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich;
And shall with pride regard thee,
Thy love shall so bewitch
With wonder each fond fancy,
That children near and far,
Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
That sav'd her shipwreck'd Tar.

****

WITHIN a MILE of EDINBURGH.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey blithe and gay.
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot,
Munnot buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd, and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass:
Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot,
Munnot buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herd were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true?
Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she no more frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot,
Munnot buckle to.

****

BRITANNIA'S REVENGE.

BRITANNIA musing o'er the deeds
By her brave sons achieved,
In battle, where the valiant bleeds,
And death stalks forth unheeded,
Within her cave the Goddess sat,
And view'd the foaming ocean,
Whose surges high began to beat,
In furious commotion:
When lo! a Triton, from afar,
Came floating in his wat'ry car,
"Haste," he cry'd, "Britannia, rise,
"Succour bring, or NELSON dies!"
Rous'd at the name of her favourite she flew
To the scene, where the hero, expos'd to her view,
Alas! was no more!

Frantic with grief, her locks she tore,
And thro' the fleet, engaging,
The direful tale to all she bore,
Amidst the battle's raging:
"Revenge! Revenge!" aloud she cry'd,
"To stimulate your fury,
"See yonder deck, how richly dy'd!
"'Tis Nelson's blood!" conjure ye,
"By his dear manes, his parting breath,
"I charge ye to avenge his death!

"Let British thunder go,
"Hurl destruction on the foe!
"Let not his fall, without something as great,
"Be recorded, to mark the lamentable fate
"Of a Hero so great!"

She ceas'd, and now great Nelson's name
From ship to ship resounded,
While France and Spain, enwrapt in flame,
Astonish'd and confounded,
Feeble oppose the vengeful ire
In British hearts excited;
In vain to glory they aspire,
His death must be requited!
Unequal to the conflict's heat,
Tho' greater numbers fill their fleet,
See! they strike, vengeance sweep,
Rushing down th' unfathom'd deep,
Sinks the confederates of proud France and Spain,
While the Genius of Albion exulting exclaims
"VICTORY! VICTORY!"

****

JEW PEDLAR.

WELL, vat d'ye vant now to buy,
My razors, my vax or my knives?
Then my rings oh such rings! and for why?
To make pretty maids become vives.
Then buckles and strings for the knees
I deal in, so various my trade is;
And vat I am certain vill please,
Is my bodkins, d'ye see, for the ladies.
La ral lal, &c.

Then vat d'ye think I have here?
Some diamond pins, none can surpass,
And that you can't match 'em is clear,
And vhy? vhy, because they are glass.

Then pencils vill write in the dark,
All made by the devil knows who;
For if you can get them to mark,
'Tis more than the maker cou'd do.
La ral lal, &c.

Then my vatches are all finish'd so,
And I haven't above half a score,
That if you can make them to go,
'Tis more than they e'er did before.
Yet pray do not call me a cheat,
Tho' my goods may not prove vat you vish,
For if I vant bread to my meat,
Vhy I mustn't cry my stinking fish.
La ral lal, &c.

****

THE POOR MARINER.

THE winds whistl'd shrilly, chill rain down was streaming,
When from a dark cell where the sun ne'er had beam'd in,
Worn out with great age, press'd with hunger and grief,
A sad son of Neptune call'd forth for relief:
Give relief to,—oh, give relief to the poor Mariner.

He trembling begg'd, as the affluent pass'd him,
The poor mite benevolent charity would cast him,
Whilst from his dim eyes, hid by darkness, thick veil
The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale!
Give relief to, &c.

These eyes oft have seen the proud sink before me,
Have sparkled with Joy at the signal of glory;
Have seen Britain's flag oft to conquest aspire,
Tho' now lost in darkness for want I expire!
Give relief to, &c.

My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,
I've bled at each vein to support freedom's cause;

The billows of danger have stemm'd without dread,
Now faintly I struggle, now beg for my bread!
Give relief to, &c.

Assist me, he said;—the words tremblingly hung
In accents most piteous on the vet'ran's tongue;
When the grim King of Terrors his sufferings regarded,
And snatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's rewarded!
Death gave relief to, &c.

****

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FAIR and plump was the maiden I took for a wife,
And her look it was loving and smugly:
To be sure, and she led me a queer kind of life,
And her face it was cursedly ugly.
Then clackaty-clack went her tongue like a mill,
Pretty Sue was so given to chatter,
Not in bed e'en at night would her clapper lie still,
Though the devil should ask, What's the matter?

Then at church she was always a saint most demure,
And seem'd for her sins all contrition;
But Psalmist, the clerk, did't think so, be sure,
When he threw out a winking petition;
For some how or other he told her a tale,
Pretty Sue cou'dn't ward off or parry,
This I've cause to remember, and long shall bewail,
What a fool was poor Esop to marry!

HARVEST HOME.

COME lay by the sickle till next Summer season,
Our hopes are completed, our harvest is crown'd;
To recompence labour, 'tis nothing but reason,
With heart giving cheer let the pitcher go round,

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what should annoy us
Since Nature her usual kindness out-tops;
Come—see—rural festivity,
Peasants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.

No words to the ear of a Peasant are sweeter,
More pleasing no sound than to hear harvest home;
The banquet of mirth is an English Champetre,
Where all drink success to the plough and the loom.

CHORUS.—Then let us be joyous, &c.

To comfort the hearts of the Poor—why are many,
If justice prevails, very soon will be found
Twelve ounces of good household bread for one penny,
And beef, the prime prices, at four-pence per pound.

CHORUS.—Then let us be joyous, &c.

The jorum push round, hearty cheer is before us,
So kind, and so glorious a harvest to view!
We dance, drink and sing--joining all in the chorus,
'That peace to crown plenty may quickly ensue.'

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what can annoy us,
Since Nature her usual kindness out-tops;
Come—see— rural festivity,
Peasants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

SINCE Dick and Nell were man and wife,
They lov'd each other dearly;
Their days had all been free from strife,
And time had glided cheerly.
They thought of all the wedded throng,
Their plea must first be taken;
So cheek by jowl they jogg'd along,
To claim the Flitch of Bacon.

Now on the road, says Dick to Nell,
If things are manag'd fairly,
In future we'll do passing well—
Odsbods! we'll guttle rarely!
We ne'er have quarrel'd day or night;
So faith I'm much mistaken
If e'er a pair had half the right
To claim the Flitch of Bacon.

My dear, says Nell, to sell the Flitch,
Do let me now persuade ye;
'Twill help to make you mainly rich,
And I so fine a lady!
So say no more, but let the prize
To market straight be taken;
For sure 'twill prove us monstrous wise
To sell the Flitch of Bacon.

Now each persisting, tit for tat,
On their respective cases,
They fought at last like dog and cat,
And scratch'd each other's faces.
Thus those who try to gut their fish
Before 'tis safely taken,
Like Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish,
Who lost the Flitch of Bacon.

****

POOR DICK MEADOWS.

POOR Dick Meadows, young and blooming,
Liv'd belov'd by all he knew;
Manly, gay, and unassuming,
Ever to his Mary true.
Poverty, though unlamented,
Long had hover'd o'er his cot;
Poor Dick Meadows liv'd contented,
Mary's smiles enrich'd his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows nobly scorning,
What his comrades could bestow,
Ere the lark proclaim'd the morning,
Sought the forest with his bow.
There the timid game pursuing,
Danger, fear he heeded not;
Poor Dick Meadows, met his ruin;
Death untimely was his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, rashly daring
Cliffs that bound the craggy shore,
Hapless victim! fell despairing
Ne'er to see his Mary more.
From the cottage wildly flying,
Chance soon brought her to the spot;
Poor Dick Meadows there was dying:
Mary shriek'd, and shar'd his lot.

****

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

SONGS of Shepherds, in rustical roundelays,
Form'd in fancy and whistl'd on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds,
Sottish Silenus
To Phœbus the genius
Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,
In phrase nicely coin'd,
And verse quite refin'd,
How the states divine hunted the hare,

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and Planets which beautifully shone,
Could no longer endure that men only shall
Swim in pleasure, and they but look on;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed how minded they were,
Each God and Goddess,
To take human bodies,
As Lords and Ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
While pale Proserpina sat in her place,
To light the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While she conducted her nephews in chace;
By her example,
Their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;
Neptune the water,
And wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Light God Cupid was mounted on Pagasus,
Borrow'd of the Muses with kisses and pray'rs;
Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
Mounts a centaur, which proudly him bears;
Postillion of the sky,
Light-heel'd Mercury
Made his courser fly, fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo
The kennel did follow,
And hoop and holoo, boys, after the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Rous'd Echo, new manhood did take;
Snoring Somnus upstarted from Cimmeris,
Before for a thousand years he do not wake;
There was club-footed
Mulciber hooted,
And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;
Proud Pallas pointed,
Loud Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet followed the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astræa,
The jest took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea;
Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shame-fac'd Aurora,
With witty Pandora
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was stated
Too high to be mated,
Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector,
The Troy-born boy presents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me:
Wherewith infused,
I piped and mused,
In language unused, their sports to declare:
Till the house of Jove
Like the spheres did move:
Health to those who love hunting the hare.

****

ADOWN, ADOWN, ADOWN in the VALLEY.

DID you ne'er hear a tale, how a youth in a Vale
Ask'd a Damsel to grant him a kiss;
How the silly maid reply'd, No! it must be deny'd,
But all the while wish'd to say yes.

Yet when on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
But rather in truth, she sigh'd for the youth
All adown, adown, adown in the Valley.

Have you ne'er heard it said, when he ask'd her to wed,
And told her true love prompted so,
How the silly maid spoke, to be sure 'twas in joke,
For she answer'd him "Shepherd no, no!
Yet when on her &c.

But ah, now you shall find, how this maid chang'd her mind
When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this;
For when he next press'd at the Church to be bless'd,
She answer'd him "Shepherd, yes, yes!"

No more on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
But bless'd the fond day, they to Church flew away,
All adown, adown, adown in the Valley.

****

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh!

"O, sad is my fate," said the heart broken stranger,
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger;
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah, never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

"Oh, Erin, my country, tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas, in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

And thou, cruel Fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chace me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

"Where now is my cabin-door, so fast by the wild wood,
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall!
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

"But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh!
Bury'd and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
'Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh!'"

****

ELLEN OF WINDERMERE.

IN Windermere Vale a Rose there once flourish'd,
Remote from the world, its frowns and its wiles;
By Nature's soft hand fair Ellen was nourish'd,
And happy that Swain who was blest with her smiles,

But oh! what a beauty! what did beauty avail,
To Ellen, sweet Ellen of Windermere Vale!
But oh! what did beauty or Virtue avail,
To Ellen, sweet Ellen of Windermere Vale!
To Ellen, sweet Ellen of Windermere Vale.

Sweet peace and contentment encircled this Maid,
Her passions were pure and her mind was at rest,
By parents ador'd, and by swains homage paid,
More than Ellen of Windermere sure none were blest.
But oh, what a beauty, &c.

A villain at length, did poor Ellen assail,
He whisper'd soft tales in the ear of this maid,
And she who once flourish'd in Windermere vale,
By foul villany fell, asham'd and dismay'd.
Then why envy beauty! what can beauty avail!
That ruin'd poor Ellen of Windermere vale;
Then why envy beauty! &c.

****

SANDY AND JENNY.

'Come, come, bonny lassie,' crie'd Sandy 'awa,
While mither's a spinning, and father's afar,
The folks are at work, and the bairns are at play,
And we will be married, dear Jenny to-day.'

'Stay, stay, bonny laddie,' I answered with speed,
'I winna, I munna go with you, indeed,
Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say?
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'List, list,' cried he, 'lassie, and mind what you do,
Both Peggy and Patty I give up for you;
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifl'd away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day.'

'Fie, fie, bonny laddie,' reply'd I again,
'When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain:
Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display;
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'Then, then, a good bye, bonny lassie,' says he,
'For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me.

The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.'

'Stop, stop, bonny laddie,' says I with a smile,
'For know, I was joking indeed all the while,
Let Peggy go spin, and Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.'

****

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees seem'd to fade, as the dear spot I'm viewing.
My eyes fill with tears as I look at the door,
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest, and cheerly,
His friends where his life's blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-ey'd Zeida, he lov'd her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zeida was near him,
His children were smiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him,
And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint, to the galley they bore him,
His Zeida and children, to mourn and deplore,
At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.

At night up aloft while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crouding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.

****

DESPONDING NEGRO.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the Lions, loud roaring,
With freedom stalk forth, the vast desart exploring,
I was dragg'd from my hut, enchain'd as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.
Spare a halfpenny! spare a halfpenny!
O spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro.

Toss'd on the wide main, I, all wildly despairing,
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck, with my eye-balls wide glaring,
When the lightning's dread blast struck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing
Of gain, by my sale—not a blind bargain choosing,
As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,
Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the night.

And but for a bark, to Britannia's coast bound then,
All my cares, by that plunge in the deep, had been drown'd then;
But, by moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a wat'ry grave.

How disastrous my fate! freedom's ground tho' I tread now

Torn from home, wife and children, and wand'ring
for bread now,
While seas roll between us, which ne'er can be
cross'd,
And hope's distant glimm'rings in darkness are lost.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and the
pond'rer,
Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the
wand'rer,
The European's deep dye may out-rival the sloe,
And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.

****

THE OLD SOLDIER.

MARK, my love, yon broke-up soldier,
View the big tear in his eye!
Hard misfortune presses on him;
Must he pass unheeded by?

No—come here, my honest fellow,
There—'twill help thee on thy way,
Nay, no thanks, 'tis but a trifle,
Thou hast seen a better day.

By my soul the vet'ran's touch'd me,
What! so proud—and yet so poor!
Stop, stop, stop! we must not part so,
That will something more procure.

Fare thee well, thou good Old Soldier,
Honor'd be thy ev'ry scar;
Lead him, lead him, gently on, boy,
He has play'd his part in war.

****

PADDY O'ROURKE, or the PIG under the POT.

WHEN I was a young man in sweet Tipperary,
To dance with a piper or hurl on the green,

So active, so merry, so brisk and so airy,
The devil my fellow was scarce ever seen;
There was Judy Malfinnan, with skin white as linen,
Good humour'd her face as a full flowing bowl,
If under the bushes, or on the green rushes,
Oh! Paddy O'Rourke was the joy of my soul.
With my bubberoo, didderoo, up and down
nimble, in and out, round about, leather away long,
with my jug and jug whisky, my to and fro frisky,
I sung for the girls, and this was my song.

At the fair of Clogheen I met with my Jewel,
I kiss'd her, myself was as bold as a ram;
Be easy, says she, and she look'd very cruel,
I soften'd her heart with a drop of a dram;
The night was advancing, so home we led prancing,
I lifted my Judy o'er many a stile;
As we came to a wood, Oh! says she, you're not good,
And this is the place where poor me you'll beguile.
With your bubberoo, didderoo, &c.

A Pig I brought home from the fair to my daddy,
And Judy had bought there a neat iron pot;
Your Pig underneath you'll put, my own Paddy,
And then you'll undo me by this and by that.
The birds sung around us, while love and love crown'd us;
But whether I there took the hint or did not,
I'll leave you to guess it, but Judy will bless it,
The day that I put the Pig under the Pot.
With my bubberoo, didderoo, &c.

****

THE BOTTLE.

WHATE'ER squeamish lovers may say,
A mistress I've found to my mind;
I enjoy her by night and by day,
Yet she grows still more lovely and kind:

Of her beauties I never am cloy'd,
  Tho' I constantly stick by her side;
Nor despise her because she's enjoy'd
  By a legion of lovers beside.

  For tho' thousands may broach her,
  May broach her, may broach her,
By Jove I shall feel neither envy nor spleen,
  Nor jealous can prove of the mistress I love;
For a bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean;
  Nor jealous can prove of the mistress I love;
For a bottle, a bottle, a bottle's the mistress I mean.

Should I try to describe all her merit,
  With her praises I ne'er should have done;
She's brimful of sweetness and spirit,
  And sparkles with freedom and fun:
Her stature's majestic and tall,
  And taper her bosom and waist;
Her neck long, her mouth round and small,
  And her lips how delicious to taste!
    For tho', &c.

You may grasp her with ease by the middle,
  To be open how vast her delight;
And yet her whole sex is a riddle,
  You never can stop her too tight.
When your finger you once introduce,
  To her circle and magical power,
Pop away from within flies the juice,
  And your senses are drown'd in the shower.
    For tho', &c.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow,
  From the bountiful charmer I prize;
Is sure when her head is laid low,
  And her bottom's turn'd up to the skies:
Stand to her and fear not to win her,
  She'll never prove peevish or coy;
And the farther and deeper you're in her,
  The fuller she'll fill you with joy.
    For tho', &c,

Thus naked and clasp'd in my arms,
With her my sweet moments I'll spend;
And revel the more on her charms,
When I share her delights with a friend:
To Divinity, Physic or Law
Her favours I never shall grudge;
Tho' each night she may make a faux pas,
With the Bishop, the Doctor, or Judge,
For tho', &c.

****

THE LADIES TAILOR.

YE belles that in riding delight,
Who rejoice in the crack of the whip,
If, when mounted, you wish to be tight,
Let me your fair persons equip;
A plain Irish Tailor am I,
And Roger M'Strong is my name;
Tho' born near the town of Athy,
A better from London near came.

Your London-bred Tailors, I own,
The gentlemen's shapes better hit;
But your true Irish artists are known
The ladies much tighter to fit:
In Kilcock I first study'd my trade,
And to Dublin soon after I came;
Where many bold pushes I've made,
In hopes of arriving at fame.

Three years every art I have try'd,
This laudable end to obtain,
And my needle I've constantly ply'd,
In the centre of petticoat lane;
But wishing still higher to soar,
I've just to Smock-alley remov'd;
The button-hole graces my door;
A sign in all countries approv'd.

But here I must loudly declare,
  No stuff will I work but our own;
No stuff half so well suits the fair,
  As the produce of Ireland alone.
To me all ye fair ones make haste,
  If you wish that your country should live,
'Tis I that can please every taste,
  And to each her full measure will give.

Nay, should a young lass, by mistake,
  A tight pattern commit to my care,
To stretch it such pains I will take,
  That I'll soon make it fit to a hair:
No cabbaging here you need dread,
  I'll filch not an inch smooth or rough!
And, rather than cheat you, I'll add
  A full yard of my own to your stuff.

I'm so strongly to stitching inclin'd,
  Let a customer come when she may;
Ever ready my needle she'll find,
  To content her by night and by day:
I wish no exorbitant gains,
  And, rather than quarrel, I swear;
I'll ask no reward for my pains,
  By the pleasure of pleasing the fair.

****

THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING.

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor,
  With kissing, and palming, and thumping;
For heaven's sake, says Margery, look who's at the door,
  O curse ye, there's somebody coming.

But Roger he vow'd, he promis'd, and pray'd,
  Ah Roger, you are but a humming,
I cannot believe you, says she—I'm afraid—
  I'm afraid there is somebody coming.

But Roger kept kissing, and pressing and squeezing,
And at last the sly rogue fell a drumming;
Which at length prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleasing,
She car'd not if old Nick was a coming.

****

THE BROWN JUG.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair.
And pray what mighty joy can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass.

'Tis Woman, whose joys every rapture impart,
And lends a new spring to the pulse of the heart.
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
Whilst age in half ecstacy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board:
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge who dare.

****

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Euridice free.

All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far — but how vast their surprise!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzl'd his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought
—So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such merit had music in hell!

****

By Mr. Mathew Concanen.

I love thee, by heaven, I cannot say more,
Then set not my passion a cooling;
If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at wooing.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds,
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child!
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds,
And a word to the wise is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
But I hate all protesting and arguing:
Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to the bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm,
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying:
Prithee, be thou so too: seek for no better terms,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

****

THE IRISH HUNT.

Air—Sheela na guiragh.

HARK! hark! jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
To pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail:
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone wall and hedges, through dale, bog, and brier;
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod, the highest of hunters, been there,
'Fore gad he'd have shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox;
The Laughlinstone Landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'squire Adair sure was with us that day;
Joe Dibbil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When wanton set up a most tuneable roar;
Hark to Wanton! cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifler esteem'd in the pack.

Old Bony and Collier came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd have been pleas'd to the life.
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke covert, and this was his play;
As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan;
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he clim'd, and to Ballyman-glen;
Bray-common he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say little I value you all.

He ran Bushes-grove, up to Carberry-burns,
Joe Dibbil, Hal Preston kept leading by turns:
The earth it was open, but he was so stout,
Though he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out;
To Malpas' high hill was the way then he flew,
At Dalkeystone common we had him in view;
He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, sure none dare follow me;
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of such high mettl'd hounds;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack

At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung,
Thus ended at length a most delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minute's space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, Mirth, and my Lord;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health,
Of the man who ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray balk'd a leap, says Hal Preston, 'twas odd;
'Twas shameful, cries Jack, by the great living God:
Says Preston, I halloo'd get on, though you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to Freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consign'd to the court:
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day, and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight:
Then, till the next morning, bid farewell each brother,
For some they went one way, and some went another:
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

****

THE LASS OF THE MILL.

ON the brow of a hill a young Shepherdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt:
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale;
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well drest,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast;
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell:
Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns her bread;
The whole village cried shame when a milking she goes,
That so little affection is shew'd to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on
And a fig for the cows, now her sweetheart is gone.

Now beware ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale.
Who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill,
But remember the lass on the brow of the hill.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
  Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can:
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
  When the Boatswain pipes— the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much sweeter than all these,
  Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan!

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
  A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rub, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
  Let seamanship do all it can;
My love, in worth, shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
  My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
  And every creature from me ran:
No ship performing quarantine;
Was ever so deserted seen;
  None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd
Though cut adrift by all the world,
  I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
  To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty, and a spotless heart,
  By manners love to shew the man:
To sail through life, by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving these,
  First made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE TINKER.

MY Daddy was a Tinker's son,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one,
Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,
Here's pots to mend! aloud bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to solder, or brass pans.
Of wives my dad had near a score,
And I have twice as many more:
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the Lord (upon my soul he was)
the Lord knows who?

Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
A barn-door capon and what not.
Here's pots to mend! I cried along,
Here's pots to mend! was still my song.
At village wake--oh! curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
The folk in clusters flock'd around,
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
Besides a jolly Tinker (yes by the Lord) a tinker's
ways and means.

Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of cash; the folks I hum.
Here's kettles to mend: bring me some beer,
The landlord cries, "you'll get none here!
You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know,
More beer, indeed! pay what you owe."
In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
And with his back rub of the score.
At his expence we drown all strife,
For which I praise the landlord (could do no less
than praise) the landlord's wife.

Tan ran tan, &c.

THE WELSH HARPER.

OVER the sunny hills I stray,
Tuning many a rustic lay,
And sometimes in the shadowy vales
I sing of love and battle tales;
Merrily thus I spend my life,
Though poor, my breast is free from strife;
The blithe old harper call'd am I,
In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes before a castle gate
In song of battle I relate,
Or how a Lord in Shepherd's 'guise,
Sought favour in a Virgin's eye's,
With rich and poor a welcome guest,
No cares intrude upon my breast;
The blithe old harper, &c.

When Sol illumes the western sky,
And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
Oft' times on village green I play,
While round me dance the rustics gay;
And oft', when veil'd by sable night,
The wandering Shepherds I delight;
The blithe old harper, &c.

****

YOUNG WILLIAM.

YOUNG William was a seaman true,
The darling of the bonny crew,
For blithe he was, and kind;
And though no lagging lubber he,
Right loth he was to go to sea,
For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,
Her father had much store o wealth,
Of Will he would not hear;

'Till cruel chance at length reveal'd
The passion they so long conceal'd,
And William lost his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
A ruffian gang the youth assail'd,
'Twas done by cursed gold;
The tender in the offing stood,
The cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,
They hatch'd him in the hold.

She troubled walk'd the beach in haste,
And troubled look'd the wat'ry waste,
And by the floating wave,
A corps was wash'd upon the shore,
'Twas William! and with tears they bore
Two lovers to the grave.

****

POOR JACK.

SO, patter to lubbers, and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like:
A tight water-boat, and good sea-room give me,
And 'tant to a little I'll strike.
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back;
For they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas all one to me as high Dutch.
But said he how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow;
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
Take the top-sails of sailors a-back;
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see she would cry)
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I should go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.
What then! all's a hazard—come don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of his ship;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's
And as for my life 'tis the king's:
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken a-back;
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

****

I'LL DIE FOR NO SHEPHERD NOT I.

WHEN first on the plain I began to appear,
And the shepherds to ogle and sigh,
They call'd me their dear, their delight, and their joy,
But I heed no such nonsense, not I.

Not all their fine words, their flattery and love,
Tho' they swore if I frown'd they should die,
Could bring me to like, to love, or approve,
For I heed no such nonsense, not I.

But now in my turn I'm in love too, I find,
Tho' believe I for grief should not die,
Were Jemmy as false as the wav'ring wind,
O I heed no such nonsense, not I.

I think the lad likes me, and he may prove true;
And if so, I will love till I die:
But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove so too;
O I'll die for no Shepherd, not I.

****

A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG.

YE sons of Bacchus, who know no controul,
Be attentive a while to my song;
For Jove's sake don't flinch while we've got a full bowl,
For to death we must yield—e'er 'tis long.

So let us drink t'other bumper, my boys!
A bumper by Jove! we will have;
We'll drink bumpers the rest of our days,
Since a drop can't be had in the grave.

Since we are descendants of Bacchus, my boys!
Let's be drinking the rest of our time!
For certain it is, if we follow his ways,
We shall never commit the least crime.
So let's drink, &c.

Silenus (our father's companion) they say,
  Was a free-hearted merry old trunk;
'Twas known he would ride on an ass ev'ry day,
  And every day would be drunk.
So let's drink, &c.

The first that despises Old Bacchus' right,
  Like Pentheus, shall in pieces be torn;
But he who maintains them, and for them will fight,
  Shall never be counted forlorn!
So let's drink, &c.

****

A NEW SONG.

AH, Delia! dear maid of my heart!
  The trial at length is arriv'd,
When we from each other must part,
  Must be of each other depriv'd.

How can I your absence endure?
  I call in philosophy's aid,
To soften what nothing can cure,
  The wound which thy absence has made.

I'll fly to my love's rosy bow'r,
  Where so oft I have gaz'd on thy charms,
And say to each lazy pac'd hour,
  "Haste! haste! bring her back to my arms."

There will I, my fair one, on you
  The blessing of heaven implore;
Adieu! dearest Delia, adieu!
  My heart is too full to say more.

****

THE SOCIAL BOARD.

POLITICIANS may ponder the juggles of state,
Or the miser with care view his ill-gotten hoard;
The astrologer muse on the changes of fate,
But bumpers we'll drink at the social Board.

The Physician may talk of his draught and his pill,
Of the good that they do, and relief they afford,
But the draughts that we all know will never do ill,
Are the Bumpers we drink at the social Board.

The Lawyer may prate of his actions and pleas,
The Soldier may brag of deeds done by his sword,
At the bottom you'll find, though, there nothing can please
Like the Bumpers we drink at the Social Board.

Search o'er the wide globe, you'll experience this truth,
Acknowledg'd by most, from the clown to the lord,
All degrees and professions, the aged and youth,
Love the bumpers we drink at the Social Board.

Now let us enjoy all the moments that pass,
And never let care in our bosoms be stor'd;
Ev'ry member then cheerfully take up his glass,
And each drink success to the Social Board.

****

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

ONE night extended on my downy bed,
Melting in am'rous dreams, altho' a maid;
My active thoughts presented to my view
A youth undress'd, whose charming face I knew.
Stripp'd to his shirt; he sprang to me in white,
Like a kind Bridegroom on the nuptial night.
And tho' his linen dress ghost-like appear'd,
He look'd, alas! too harmless to be fear'd;
His wishful eyes, express'd his eager love,
And twinkled like the brightest stars above;

Such modest blushes stain'd his beauteous face,
That sure no Virgin innocence could guess;
By his kind looks of every grace possest,
That he could harbour evil in his breast.
Bless me, said I, Philander, what d'ye mean?
How came you hither—who could let you in?
Undress'd, 'tis rudeness to approach my bed,
Consider, dearest youth, that I'm a maid!
He clasp'd me in his arms; I strove to speak!
But found I had not pow'r to stir or squeak.
My blood confus'dly in its channels run,
My body was all pulse, my breath near gone;
My cheeks inflam'd, distorted were my eyes,
While my breast swell'd with passion and surprise;
And still whene'er I strove to make a noise,
Something methought I felt which stopp'd my voice.
Thus for a time I lay dissolv'd in bliss,
As if translated into Paradise,
But as no drowsy Virgin ere could find
Delight so charming, and a youth so kind,
And not awake, when of a sudden blest
With melting joys too great to be exprest;
So, I, unable to preserve so strong
An impress of my dear Philander long,
Awoke much frighted, felt about my bed,
But found, alas! my loving Ariel fled.
Yet tho' my love was vanish'd, still I vow
I felt myself all o'er—I know not how.
Thought I, if working falsely in the night
Can give me in a dream such sweet delight;
What must two lovers in a mutual flame
Possess, when waking, they repeat the same?
Philander, come; for I'm resolv'd to try
The Substance, since the Shadow yields such joy.

****

POLYGAMY CONTROVERTED.

BY A LADY.

A point was discuss'd by a husband and wife,
That 'twixt the fond couple engender'd a strif

Two wives to one husband he said should belong—
My dear, quoth the lady, you're totally wrong,
For, chapter and verse I can quote to maintain,
That, 'stead of one husband, a wife should have twain,
The scripture, design'd for the rule of our lives—
Says, *two in one flesh*—meaning husbands, not wives.

****

FYE FOR SHAME.

BEHOLD a damsel in distress,
Above sixteen indeed 'tis true;
For ever snubb'd by aunty Bess,
A cross old maid of forty-two;
To Strephon if I smile or speak,
She cries, that spirit Miss, I'll tame;
And should he kiss my hand or cheek,
'Tis forward hussey, fie for shame.

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,
'Tis envy only makes her rail,
For yester evening parson Sly,
Stept in to taste my father's ale;
Close up to Bess his chair he drew,
First kiss'd her, then confess'd a flame:
She smil'd and blush'd, when in I flew,
And cried, Fye aunty, fye for shame.

So let her rail no more at me,
I think she now may hold her tongue,
For woman-kind, I plainly see,
Are all alike, both old and young;
And should young Strephon urge his suit,
And beg the happy day I'd name,
Believe me, I would not be mute,
Tho' all the world cry'd Fye for shame.

****

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

NO mair ye bonny lasses gay,
Your blithesome sonnets now display,
  For Jem of Aberdeen,
But join your voices now with me,
And, as we gang along the Lee,
  Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony sun-beams play,
When Phœbus gilds the first of may,
  His face is ruddy seen,
And then he trips with sic a grace,
All other lads to him give place,
  Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he says he'll take my hand,
Who can his bonny suit withstand,
  He smiles so sweet I ween,
I vow my heart cannot deny,
Wi' his kind wish I shall comply,
My Jockey of the Green.

****

MOLLY OF THE MEAD.

AS on yon village lawn I stray'd,
  One morning in the spring,
Around the lambs all sportive play'd,
  The birds did blithesome sing.
Upon a bank where willows grew,
  I tun'd my oaten reed,
How much I'm chang'd since first I knew
  Sweet Molly of the Mead.
                Sweet Molly, &c

No Shepherd was so blythe as I,
  No youth was e'er so blest,
In rapture sweet the time did fly,
  For love then warm'd my breast.
To please her was my sole employ,
  To her I tun'd my reed,

And morn and eve my only joy
  Was Molly of the Mead.
Sweet Molly, &c.

Soon as the sun resplendant rose,
  One morn I took my way,
And eager sought some fragrant flow'r,
  To make her look more gay.
Right well she saw my tender pain,
  And soon my fate decreed,
And now I live the happiest swain,
  With Molly of the Mead.
Sweet Molly, &c.

****

SHOOTING SONG.

NOW while above that range of hills
The morn a bright'ning gleam distils,
I seize the gun, and call around
To eager pointers—just unbound—
Swift for a time, they dash away,
Too wild, too high of spirit, to obey.

At length the whistle's note they hear,
Look round, and turn from their career;
The stubble quarter nicely o'er,
And ev'ry shelt'ring nook explore.
See Carlo—sudden—checks his speed!
Toho! there lie the birds!—PERO, take heed!

How well they back, how fine they point!
The head turn'd short, and fix'd each joint,
I'll take the birds upon this side———
The covey rises—scatt'ring wide!
DEAD!—See the feathers to the right!
Mark—Mark--Mark--Among the beans three brace alight.

CARLO, watch, charge——Keep in, old Don!
When loaded——Ho—good dogs—hey on!
Thus range we, till the sun gets high.
And on the ground no scent will lie;
Then take through woods our homeward way,
And o'er good cheer boast how we pass'd the day.

****

A NEW SONG.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest BILL BOBSTAY, so kind and so true:
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, the delight of the crew.
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, tho' his fortune was kind without end;
For money, cried bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend!

There's NIPCHEESE, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat.
My bark, tho' hard storms on Life's ocean should rock her,
Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When, by handing it out, he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, spite of their crosses,
And, forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
"To squander it idly like asses ashore."
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,

By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handling our rhino to succour a friend!

Why, what's all this nonsense they talk of and pother,
All about Rights of Man, what a plague are they at;
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend
To fight up to the ears to protect the Blood Royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

****

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

In Liquorpond street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for threepence he bled,
And would draw for a groat all the teeth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose,
For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin,
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick, at the Old Pewter Platter,
Read the News, and as deep in the secret appear'd,
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beauxs make no discrimination;
Would not let this superlative Shaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one, whose charms did the Barber enthral,
At the end of Fleet Market of Fish, kept a stall;
As red as her cheek no boil'd lobster was seen,
Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

****

JUSTICE.

AS he that's unaw'd by the sound of a name,
Nor harbours no hate in his breast;
What his betters may do he presumes not to blame,
As he hopes they do all for the best.
To his king he is just, to his country true,
He is true to his friend and a glass;
A sportsman who always with spirit comes through,
And he ne'er baulks a leap or a lass.

No office he flatters, compounds with no cheat,
But ever takes honesty's part;
Here mercy awaits on his justice's seat,
And charity tenants his heart.
Wou'd a love-laden lass, with contrition appear,
(For girls are ensnar'd like the game,)
His tendernes turns not away from her tear;
His pity preserves her from shame.

To game-acts he fancies our liberty yields,
To set their inflictions aside;
Protection allows not to vermin in fields,
That is to the free-born deny'd.
Suppose a young idler at birds should take aim,
Or puss catch perhaps in a snare;
Shall Englishmen's birth-rights be forfeit for game?
Or man made a slave for a hare?

Should stakes from the hedge of his worship be found,
In the lap of the big-belly'd poor,
When sleet's in the air, and deep snow's on the ground,
And misery groans at the door;
Humanity prompts him to find out the cause,
That forced distress to turn thief;
Convinc'd 'twas mere want he awakes not the laws,
But stops future crimes by relief.

This, this is the man, uncorrupted he stands,
Who to Baal he ne'er bow'd the knee;
Unmortgag'd enjoys all his ancestor's lands,
And he ever lives debtless and free.
Yes, yes, this is he, this the man to my mind,
The man that no party can snare;
Shall I tell you my friends where this man you may find?
I would—but I cannot tell where.

****

THE TRAVELLER.

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
But never went over to France;
All cities and most market-towns have been in,
'Twixt Berwick-on-tweed and Penzance;
My own native country with pleasure I range,
All seasons and times of the year,
In fashion still find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear:
In the world, though 'tis round, as about it we go,
Strange ways, turns and crosses we see,
But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,
Is—through life to go easy and free.

The traveller, braving a bleak wintry day,
To what place he so'er may resort,

When reaching his inn, is as cheerful and gay,
As the sailor that gets into port;
Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,
What comfort it gives to the heart;
And where a few friends unexpectedly meet,
How fond each his tale to impart!
But now this idea, which none can detest,
Has long been implanted in me,
That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best
Is—through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much
In Sentiment people divide,
In opinion for diff'ring my temper is such,
I scorn any soul to deride.
Tho' the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,
Such prejudice hangs on the mind,
From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous or long,
You seldom a convert will find;
Then shew me the man wheresoever I go,
That always will sociable be;
If we can't think alike, still the beauty of all
Is—through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,
I always make much of the day,
At night with my bottle, my pipe and my friend,
The moments glide smoothly away:
All travellers truly it must be confest,
Good orders are glad to receive,
Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
For madness I deem it to grieve:
Then my worthies the toast which to give I'm inclin'd,
I hope with all minds will agree,
Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind,
Through life may go easy and free.

****

LITTLE Cupid one day near a myrtle-bough stray'd,
Among the sweet blossoms he wantonly play'd:
And whilst he of many was robbing the tree,
He felt that his finger was stung by a bee.

Little Cupid then whimper'd, he sobb'd and he sigh'd,
Then ran to his mother and pettishly cry'd,
"Ah Venus! dear mother, I'm wounded you see,
And I ask for revenge on the mischievous bee."

His mother, who smil'd at the story he told,
Oe'r his forehead of snow, strok'd his ringlets of gold;
And, "when you another would wound,' answer'd she,
"Ere your arrows are pointed, you'll think on the bee."

A lesson of love may the story impart,
Ere a beam from the eye light a flame in the heart,
Remember, ye fair ones, while yet ye are free,
That the rose holds a thorn, and the myrtle the bee.

****

THE CHAPLAIN'S NOSE.

A Vessel at sea was expected to sink,
To save her no more could be done;
The crew look'd aghast—for every one thought
That his glass of existence was run.

The Chaplain, who dearly lov'd eating and drinking
And was likewise a very great smoker,
Had a nose on his face, which resemblance did bear
To a flaming red-hot kitchen poker.

He assembled the crew and began reading prayers,
Exhorted to think of salvation;
Begg'd his hearers to hit on the readiest way
To save themselves all from d————n.

In the midst of this bustle, a lubberly boy,
Unconscious that danger was near,
Stood grinning away with most unseemly joy,
And by no means expressive of fear.

Now the Chaplain thought fit to reprove this sad dog,
So he question'd the cause of his laughter;
"It is," said he tittering, "to think how your nose
Will HISS when we go under water."

****

A PARODY!—ON CALEB QUOTEM.

I'M Gallia's King and Consul too,
My name is Buonaparte;
First Christian, Turk, and then a Jew,
I suit Sir, either party!

I've beat the Dutch, but not the Dons,
Though victory my trade is;
I murder parents, poison sons,
I put to death the little ones,
In spite of all the ladies!

Blest Ambition's my delight,
Bloody battles I invite,
Conquer all the foes I fight,
What I do is always right!
Then at night by the fire how I love to relate,
When my murders are done and all over,
How prosp'rous I've been in a devil's own state,
With my sweet Mistress Empress in clover!

Wars trouble,
All bubble;
Dutch, Spain,
Much gain!
Portuguese,
Pyrenees;

Conquer all
Great and small;
Mistress taking,
One foresaking;
Bargains prizing,
Compromising;

Guillotine,
Grand Machine;
Bleeding hearts,
Shocking starts?
Boats flat,
Made pat;
Never out,
Very stout?
All hopes,
No Popes;

Cheat Turk,
Civil Works;
All around, troops abound;
Deeds rash,
Swords clash;
Squalls, falls;
Clouds of smoke,
Soldiers Choke;
Heads of Dockery,
All church mockery.

I've many fine tricks, but the best of 'em all,
The nation I tax, and I pocket it all;
And 'tis heigho for Buonaparte oh!
'Tis heigho for Buonaparte oh!
Buonaparte oh, &c. &c.

****

THE THIEF KING.

I sing of a thief, and a thief call'd a King,
A true, though an almost incredible thing;
Such a tale in old times would have stagger'd belief
For none then imagin'd a King could turn thief.

But, alas! in the present degenerate days,
When wickedness thrives, and when virtue decays,
When monarchs, like mushrooms, from dunghill stocks spring,
A royal rogue's not such a wonderful thing.

Napolean, whom craft, or the devil, or chance,
Has rais'd from the dirt to be Emp'ror of France,
Resolv'd that each son of his Corsicon Mother,
Should mount a throne too, like their fortunate brother.

Having forc'd her old chiefs from their realms to elope,
Seiz'd Italy wholesale, and put down the Pope;
He plac'd brother Joe, just his talents to try,
As a ruler awhile under Naples' mild sky.

The trial prov'd Joe possess'd vigour to govern:
And now 't was resolv'd by the plodding French
Sovereign;
To trepan the unfortunate Monarch of Spain,
Seize his kingdom by stealth—and send Joe there
to reign.

At Bayonne this plot of deception unmatch'd
Was play'd off as craftily as it was hatch'd—
French armies meantime with Murat at their head,
Were sent to keep malcontent Spaniards in dread.

Poor Charles and his son there completely outwitted
And one 'gainst the other alternately pitted,
Soon found themselves fast in the Corsican's snare,
And yielded their persons and crown in despair!

Of Spain and the Indies now Joe was dubb'd King,
'Midst a Junta of traitors and rogues in a ring;
Having sworn to perform what his brother should
bid,
He set off to ascend his new throne at Madrid.

But when he came there, his arrival to greet,
Nought but hisses and groans met his ear in each
street;
Ev'ry face he beheld was envelop'd in gloom,
Like a grim malefactor's when meeting his doom.

Scarce a week on his throne the usurper was seated,
When word came that Marshal Dupont was de-
feated—
Thinks he, 'T is full time, if the tidings be true,
For me to determine what's now best to do.

Resolving at once, in his terror on flight,
The palace of every thing costly and bright
He previously plunder'd—and then, like a thief,
Sneak'd back to his brother—the robber-in-chief

****

THE OLD MAID.

Adown a green valley there liv'd an old maid,
Who being past sixty, her charms began to fade,
She of waiting for husbands was weary;
She was monstrously rich, that for me was enough,
And sadly I wanted to finger the stuff,
So says I, "will you marry me, deary?"
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

Says she, "you embarrass me coming to woo,"
And she try'd how to blush, but she blush'd rather blue,
For her cheeks of the roses were weary;
Says she, "I am told you're a sad little man,
And cheat all the dear pretty girls that you can!
Says I, "don't believe it my deary!"
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

She consented that I for the licence should go,
When across her, mean time, came a tall Irish beau,
Who, like me, in pocket was peery;
Out of his calf's head, such a sheep's eye threw he,
That a queer little *hop o' my thumb* she call'd me,
And he diddl'd me out of my deary!
Pretty deary!
O, la, fal, &c.

****

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

You've heard of a frog in a opera-hat,
'Tis a very old tale of a mouse and a rat.
I could sing you another, as pleasant, mayhap,
Of a kitten that wore a fine high-caul'd cap:
But my muse on a far nobler subject shall drop,
A bull who got into a China-shop.
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg under leg, Patrick's day in the morning.

He popp'd in by chance at the China-shop door,
Where they very soon found that the bull was a bore
The shopman to drive him out try'd with much care,
The floor being cover'd with crockery ware,
And among it resenting the shopman's taunt,
The Bull began dancing the Cow's Carrant,
With his right leg, &c.

Whate'er with his feet he couldn't assail,
He made ducks and drakes with his horns and tail;
So frisky he was with his downs and his ups,
Each tea service prov'd he was quite in his cups;
He play'd mag's diversion among all the crates,
He splinter'd the dishes, and dish'd all the plates.
With his right leg, &c.

The China-shop master, a little fat man,
Popp'd in, and the Bull at him furiously ran,
Caught him up by the waistband without more ado,
And toss'd him completely the shop window thro';
The poor little fat man flew up like a dart,
And down he came plump in a scavenger's cart,
With his right leg, &c.

The poor China-seller retriev'd this affray,
But his neighbours laugh at him to this very day;
He has a nick-name, for derision a mark,
For they, one and all, call him the little Mud-lark;
While the joke he enjoys, grateful for the relief,
But from that day to this he can't stomach Bull beef.
With his right leg, &c.

****

OLD TOM.

OLD Tom was a toper of no little credit,
And his mother, Peg Juniper, fam'd for her spirit;
And both, as we're told, sirs, the berry came from,
So what d'ye think now of Juniper Tom?
Jolly Old Tom, big-bellied Tom,
Success to Old England and jolly Old Tom.

One whitsuntide Monday he gave up his breath,
And this was the legacy left at his death:
"To the gay lads and lasses, where'er they come from,
I will them a bumper of Juniper Tom."
Jolly, &c.

His coffin then mark, was a barrel or butt,
And he left in his will that it ne'er should be shut;
"Since the dropsy," cried Tom, I was never free from,
They must draw off the water from Juniper Tom."
Jolly, &c.

In a barrel so round then a cock was put in,
And some have since call'd the contents of it gin;
But this we know, the liquid therefrom
Is that cure for the cholic, the juice of Old Tom!
Jolly, &c.

****

THE GRAND JOKE, OR, GREAT BRITAIN BLOCKADED.

SAYS Jack to his messmate, I'll tell you a tale,
That BONY, the *Bouncer*, set forth t'other day,
And if to divert you that story should fail,
Not one spark of mirth, Pat, enlivens your clay.
You must know, having got near "the length of his tether,"
Robb'd Hamburgh—kill'd Lubeck—torn Prussia to bitts,
BONY vows that Great Britain and Ireland together,
He'll next turn his thumb on, and crack them like—*nits*.
So he issues a terrible fierce proclamation—
(Here the cream of the jest comes—Pat, don't be afraid,)
Wherein he declares that the whole British Nation
Are, "*Prisoners of War—in a state of Blockade!!*"

That is, Pat, without any fighting at all,
He will shut up our ports—no more vessels must sail—
Or if they attempt it, *his* fleet will them maul,
Sink or send the poor crews to go starve in a jail.

Now this is a *bounce*, sure! that ne'er was surpass'd
In the annals of French Gasconading before!
'Tis a jump o'er the moon—an *Imperial blast!*
A Royal—Republican—Corsican *bore!*
For ev'ry one knows—but a French slave, or fool,
Not a ship dare move out of the harbours of France
But snug under *batt'ries* they all lie as cool
As cockle-shells, when the winds pipe and waves dance.

****

THE IRISHMAN'S COMICAL STORY.

COME, listen my honies, awhile you shall hear!
Soon a comical story I'll tell ye,
How Europe's got humbugg'd; how France is enslav'd,
And the Dutchmen are ground to a jelly.
By St. Patrick, its true; they all richly deserve
To be *gibbetted first, and hung after,*
For lending a hand to enslave their own land,
And for making this cut-throat their master.

Brother *Joey* the essence of rascals has got
Of Italia a precious good slice:
While the poor King of Naples was soon sent to pot,
And his capital robb'd in a trice.
And the Viceroy Beauharnois, Madame Josephine's brat,
Has got a fine country to plunder;
But to to give him a *crown*, Sirs, instead of a *halter*,
Oh, what a tremendous great blunder!

And now to complete this division of spoil,
These highwaymen held consultation;
To secure their booty, Brother Louis they make
The King of the Great-breeches nation.
While the sons of brave Tell, who for ages have stood
Unconquer'd their freedom defending.
Are cut out for the *jackall*, the *cuckold* Murat;
And their necks to this monster are bending.

Arrah, faith; there is one more of this hopeful branch;
And his name it is Admiral *Jerry*,
Who intends Daddy Neptune's firm throne to upset
And in England to reign free and merry.
Ye winds be auspicious! don't blow him to port,
Till the jack-tars of Britain shall meet him,
And then, with the *honours of powder and ball*,
His *new subjects* will *heartily greet him*.

But before we'll submit to *receive* terms of peace,
Or compromise Britain's proud charter,
In rivers of blood we'll wipe off such disgrace,
Or to freedom we'll each fall a martyr.
No! we'd rather in battle resign our best blood,
Sooner plunge in old Ocean's salt waves,
Than desert those white cliffs where our brave fathers stood,
Or submit to a Nation of Slaves.

****

A TRIP TO LANCASTER RACES.

Addressed to a Friend.

YOU know my dear friend that I've spent all my life
In reading and writing and without a wife,
Have travell'd thus far on the journey alone,
Till I've seen, you must know, summers thirty and one.

And yet in this period I never durst venture
The grand rendezvous of the world once to enter;
To the Ball, or assembly, the play, or the fair,
I'd a huge mind to go, but yet never was there;
But at last being weary of country and tillage,
And asham'd to immure myself up in a village,
I firmly resolv'd to see some new faces,
And make my *debut* at the Lancaster Races:
I therefore now give you without more preamble.
A succinct account of this wonderful ramble.

I rose in the morning, and dress'd myself neatly
In a suit of new cloaths that were made by Will Wheatley;
And that nought might be wanting, without more demur,
I put on my boots, and a family-spur;
Then mounting my gelding, we ambled along,
Till a jovial old beggar came humming a song;
My horse sorely frighten'd 'gan caper and flounce,
And three miles on the road I came off with a bounce;
I remounted unhurt, and without more disaster,
Arriv'd in good time at the town of Lancaster.
There a glass of brisk wine soon my spirits renew'd
And I walk'd to the Course in a merry tun'd mood;
The crowd was so vast, and the weather so fair,
Lord bless me! thought I, all the world sure is here!
Astonished, confounded, I gap'd and I star'd,
At a sight, which so strange and so novel appear'd,
In the Indian fashion here houses arose,
Where folks sat at ease in their holiday clothes;
There gamester's presided at O and E Tables,
And told you bad luck and misfortune were fables,
While a round-a-bout horse to some youngsters of spirit,
In a circle display'd his most wonderful merit.
I was musing on these, when a trumpet's shrill sound
Proclaim'd that the coursers were pacing the ground
Now quickly they start, and as quickly they run,

While my ears were astonish'd with "Done, Sir!
and "Done!"
Transported I eagerly cry'd, "White a guinea!"
"Done, Sir!" says another! thought I thou'rt a
ninny;
But it quickly appear'd that my judgement was
sleeping,
For the red won the race, and I paid for my peeping.

However, well pleas'd with the sports of the day,
I thought I'd e'en venture to go to the play;
So muster'd up spirits to purchase admission,
And sat down in the Pit with amazing precision:
You'll believe me, my friend, when I tell you that
never
Was my heart so enraptur'd at actions so clever;
So real all appear'd, that I made myself certain
Of being in spain, when—down fell the curtain.
The Honey-moon finish'd—a farce claim'd attention,
When Jermy Didler shew'd wond'rous invention:—
In short, I was pleas'd in the highest degree,
And, trust me, ere long, at another I'll be.

So closes my ramble; the race the next year
Is for a gold cup, and again I'll be there,
Provided this pocket a tester or groat has,
I the mean time I am, with respect, yours.

PHILOTAS.

July 9th. 1810.

****

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

WHICH is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Each is the properest day I think,
Why should we name but one day!
Bravo! bravo! each is my day,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Sunday, Monday.

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.

BENEATH's interr'd poor Simon Snip,
Who to the next world's took a trip;
He liv'd a very honest life,
Tho' now and then he bet his wife;
He cabbag'd cloth sometimes, 'tis true,
But that's no more than others do;
Death call'd upon him with his sheers,
To cut away his thread of years:
And 'spite of all Snip's wife could say,
The villain cabbag'd him away.

J. D.

****

RAM'S HORNS.

AS Cornus, poor soul, was provok'd by his Wife
(A most termagant jade, and promoter of strife)
She exhausted his patience so much that he swore,
He would put her to death for one crooked word more.
"Since you threaten me so,"—(was the Vixen's reply)
"I say, Ram's Horns, you dog, and will say't if I die."

****

TOM AND NED.

When Tom call'd in, one day on Ned,
His wife was plaistering dearee's head;
Who sigh'd; but dar'd not shake it!
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it!

SONG,

SUNG AFTER A GRAND BALL AND SUPPER AT GLASGOW.

Tune—" O whistle and I'll come to you, my love!"

WHILE the banners of war through the globe are display'd,
Peace and love, those our best blessings, our bosoms prevade;
In the dance and the song we delightfully join,
And plenty prevails with the juice of the vine:
With wealth we are blest, and true freedom enjoy;
While our fair ones, so lovely, our hearts fill with joy.
With wealth we are blest, &c.

What nation with ours in bright beauties can vie?
Like the sun in full splendour, they dazzle the eye;
Their minds are improved with wit, judgment, and sense,
And their presence does ever pure pleasure dispense:
Look around in the circle, you'll certainly find,
The sweetest expression with loveliness join'd.
Look around, &c.

O see from Ierne a nymph most divine,
As lovely as Hebe, admir'd as the Nine,
Blest with beauty to charm, and with wit to delight;
Her conduct pursue, and in wedlock unite.
To Hymen's blest fane, youths and maidens repair,
And hence in love's pleasures dispel ev'ry care.
To Hymen's, &c.

Springs delight from the grape or the sports of the field,
Much greater I'm sure lovely woman will yield;
She alone is the source of our hopes and our joys,
From whence all our dearest enjoyments arise:

Without her all other enjoyments are vain,
And the bubble of life nought but trouble and pain.
Without her, &c.

To ambition and power let their votaries attend,
And for glory the hero in warfare contend;
With the fair, love and friendship our time we'll employ,
And with them, free from peril, true pleasure enjoy:
Then fill up a bumper and drink it my boys,
To the fair, whence our dearest enjoyments arise.
Then fill up a bumper, &c.

****

ROBERT and RICHARD:

OR THE GHOST OF POOR MOLLY,

Tune— "Collin's Mulberry Tree."

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "Let things go as "they will,
"Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
"In frolic and mirth I see nothing amiss,
"And tho' I get tipsy, *what harm is in this?*

"For ev'n Solomon says, and I vow he says truth,
"Rejoice O young man, in the days of thy youth."
"I'm glad," answered Bob, "you'r of Solomon's "creed,
"But I beg, if you quote him, you'll please to "proceed;

"For God (as the wise man continues to sing)
"Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring.
"Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyss,
"By choosing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*

"Come, come" says gay Richard, "don't grudge
"me a cup,
"I'm resolv'd while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
"Let old greybeards deny that in frolic there's bliss,
"I'll game love and drink—*and what harm is in*
"*this?*"

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for today,
"You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic
"away;
"But then my dear Dick, I again must contend,
"That the Wise Man has bid us—*Remember the*
"*end!*"

Says Richard, "When sickness or peevish old age
"Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry
"stage;
"Repentance just then, Boy, may not be amiss,
"But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*"

They parted; and Richard his pastimes begun,
'Twas Richard the jovial, the soul of all fun:
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would
attend,
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the*
end.

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she lamented, he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by Richard, sad Molly run wild,
And roam'd through the woods with her destitute
child;
Till Molly and Molly's poor baby were found,
One evening, in Richard's own mill-pond both
drown'd.

Then his conscience grew troubled by night an
and by day,
But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and
more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend
He warn'd him and pray'd him *to think on the end!*

Now disturb'd in his dreams, poor Molly each night,
With her babe stood before him, how sad was the sight!
O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire,
Which await the licentious, the drunkard and liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens she bade him beware,
Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, distemper'd by drink,
Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tomb-stone, good Robert, these verses engrav'd,
Which he hop'd some gay fellow might read and be sav'd.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth, who call'd drinking his bliss,
And was ruin'd by saying, *What harm is in this?*
Let each passer by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to *remember the end!*

****

THE RIOT: OR, HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

In a Dialogue between Jack Anvil and Tom Hod.

To the Tune of "A Cobler there was."

TOM.

COME, neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot;

I'm hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,
So we'll pull down the mills, and we'll seize all the meat:
I'll give you good sport, boys, as ever you saw,
So a fig for the Justice, a fig for the law.
Derry down.

Then his pitchfork Tom seiz'd—Hold a moment, says Jack,
I'll shew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack,
And if I don't prove we had better be still,
I'll assist thee straightway to pull down every mill;
I'll shew thee how passion thy reason does cheat,
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.
Derry down.

What a whimsey to think thus our bellies to fill,
For we stop all the grinding by breaking the mill!
What a whimsey to think we shall get more to eat
By abusing the butchers who get us the meat!
What a whimsey to think we shall mend our spare diet
By breeding disturbance, by murder and riot!
Derry down.

Because I am dry, 'twould be foolish I think,
To pull out my tap and to spill all my drink;
Because I am hungry and want to be fed,
That is sure no wise reason for wasting my bread:
And just such wise reasons for mending their diet
Are us'd by those blockheads who rush into riot.
Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others distresses,
But still I would mark how God our land blesses;
For tho' in Old England the times are but sad,
Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad;
In the land of the Pope there is scarce any grain,
And 'tis worse still, they say, both in Holland and Spain.
Derry down.

Let us look to the harvest our wants to beguile,
See the lands with rich crops how they every where smile!

Meantime to assist us, by each Western breeze,
Some corn is brought daily across the salt seas!
Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,
And we'll patiently wait and the prices will fall.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder
If things grow much worse by our riot and plunder;
And let us remember when ever we meet,
The more ale we drink, boys, the less we shall eat.
On those days spent in riot, *no* bread you brought home,
Had you spent them in labour you must have had *some.* *Derry down.*

A dinner of herbs, says the wise man, with quiet,
Is better than beef amid discord and riot.
If the thing could be help'd, I'm a foe to all strife,
And I pray for a peace ev'ry night of my life;
But in matters of state not an inch will I budge,
Because I conceive I'm no very good judge.
Derry down.

But tho' poor, I can work, my brave boy, with the best,
Let the King and the Parliament manage the rest;
I lament both the War and the Taxes together,
Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.
The King, as I take it, with very good reason,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad season.
Derry down.

The parliament men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a shower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our rulers are wise,
That they know very well how to manage the skies;
For the best of them all, as they found to their cost,
Were not able to hinder last winter's hard frost.
Derry down.

Besides I must share in the wants of the times,
Because I have had my full share in its crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the distress which is sent,
Is to punish and cure us of all discontent.

—But harvest is coming—Potatoes are come!
Our prospect clears up; ye complainers be dumb!
Derry down.

And tho' I've no money, and tho' I've no lands,
I've head on my shoulders, and a pair of good hands;
So I'll work the whole week and on Sundays I'll seek
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.
The gentlefolks too will afford us supplies,
They'll subscribe—and they'll give up their puddings and pies. *Derry down.*

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a Riot,
I'll ask this short question—What shall I get by it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each Rioter's head:
And when of two evils I'm ask'd which is best,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I protest.
Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right, if I rise I'm a Turk,
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.

****

THE TORTOISE-SHELL TOM CAT, AND TOMMY CAT'S-EYE, THE CATAMARAN AUCTIONEER.

OH, what a story the papers have been telling us,
About a little animal of mighty price,
And who ever thought but an Auctioneer of selling us,
For near *three hundred yellow boys*, a trap for mice:
Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt he told 'em fine tales,
But for me, I should just as soon have bought a cat of nine tails,

I won'dn't give for all the Cats in Christendom,
so vast a fee,
Not to save 'em from the Catacombs, or Cataline's catastrophe;
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's Cat, and Catalani,
Are every one,
By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

(Spoken.)—We'll suppose Mr. *Cat's-eye*, the Auctioneer, with his catalogue in one hand, and a hammer like a Catapulta in the other, mounted in the rostrum at the great room, in Cateaton Street:

"Hem! Leds and Gemmen——Cats are of two distinctions: Thomas and Tabby—This is of the former breed, and the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolized by a male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnificent mouser! meek, though masculine! The curious Concatenation of colour in that Cat, calls Categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price upon poor Pussey; consult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock him down."

Ladies and gentlemen, a-going, going, going—
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.

Next I should tell you the company around him,
Who emulously bid, as if they all were wild;—
Tom thought 'em mad, while they King of Kittens crown'd him,
And kiss'd; caress'd, and dandled him just like a child:
Lady Letty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha Griskin,
Prim Polly Pussy-love, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twiskin,
Solemn Sally Solus, who, to no man yes had ever said;
Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Neverwed,
Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each for Puss so eager,

Have Tom they would,
By all that's good,
As you shall hear.

(Spoken in different voices.) *Irish Lady.*—Och, the dear crater, How beautiful he looks when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed—he'd even lure the mice to look at him——*Auctioneer.*—Forty-five guineas in twenty places——

(By different Ladies)—Sixty-five! Seventy! Eighty! Ninety!————*Auctioneer.*—Go on, Ladies; nobody bid more?—it's enough to make a Cat swear to think he should go for so little If the Countess of Catamaran was here, she'd outbid you all.—Miss Grimalkin, you're a Connoisseur in Cats—what shall I say?——Ninety-five Guineas, sir. *In an old tremulous tone.)*

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss.——Mem, it does not signify you may bid as you will, but he shall be mine, if I bid all day; One Hundred and Twenty, Sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank ye, Lady Letty.—Take a long last languishing look, Ladies.—What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he twists his tail, and washes his Whiskers!———Tom, Tom, Tom! *(Cat mews.)* How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies!——One hundred and Seventy Guineas, Sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank ye, Miss Tabby, you'll not be made a Cat's-paw of, depend on't—*(Ladies laugh.)*

Auctioneer.—Glad to hear you laugh, Ladies: I see how the Cat jumps now; Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going—
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,
Politeness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas;
Two hundred—Two hundred and thirty-three: a-going—
Gone!—Never Cat of Talons met with such eclat:

Nay, nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught as well,
As Ladies in their bidding for this purring piece of tortoise-shell.
The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun was done,
And bells rung as if Whittingdon had been Lord Mayor of London.
Mice and Rats flung up their hats, for joy that Cats so scarce were,
And Mouse-Trap makers rais'd the price, full cent per cent I swear sir.

****

MRS. FLINN AND THE BOLD DRAGOON.

THERE was an ancient fair, O she lov'd a nate young man,
And she cou'dn't throw sly looks at him, but only through her fan,
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,
O! she lov'd a bold Dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle.
Whack! row de dow, dow.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
Would you the reason know, it was, because she had but one;
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
She could not keep her one eye idle,
Oh, she leer'd at this Dragoon, with his long sword, &c.
Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short was grown,
He look'd just like a mile in length, and she like a mile-stone;
With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
Her quizzing glass, her leer, and sidle,
O, she sigh'd to this dragoon, bless your long sword, &c.

Soon he led unto the church, the beauteous Mrs.
Flinn,
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely
nose and chin;
Oh, then such winks, in marriage links,
The four foot bride from church did sidle,
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd when he laid her
in the ground,
Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and touch'd
ten thousand pound;
For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
He does not let her cash lay idle,
So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword,
saddle, bridle,
Whack! row de dow dow.

****

WOMEN AND WAR.

WOMEN and war alternate move,
The heart to glory and to love,
But when together both invite,
How shall we set the matter right;

When glory calls us to the field,
Honour must rule, and beauty yield,
For when Fame sounds the martial strain,
Her trumpet must not sound in vain.

Come, glory, come! and if we live,
Let us deserve what love can give.
Come, glory, come, &c.

Then merrily we'll drain the bowl,
Whilst the loud thund'ring drum shall roll,
And when we fall our comrades brave,
Shall strew the laurel on our grave.

VICTORY AND JOY.

WHEN the sun bright ascending illumines the sky,
The lark sweetly carols, while soaring on high,
The bird of the dawn gives the signal of day,
Man rises refresh'd, and all nature is gay.

So when Selim in triumph returns from the fight,
And your terrors disperse like the shades of the night,
Let the mountains redouble your shouts to the vale
And echo ride forth on the wings of the gale.

Let the cymbal and clarinet burst on the ear,
And the life screams shrill, that all Afric shall hear,
Let one loyal chorus your voices employ,
And as he comes with victory, meet him with joy.

CHORUS.

All, all with loud according voices raise
A general plaudit in our monarch's praise.

****

HEYNONNI WHAT SHALL I DO.

SO careless I sat in my grandmother's bower,
Singing heyhonni no to my gay tambourine,
When you asked for shelter awhile from a shower,
With heynonni no, sir, says I, what d'ye mean?
Then so softly you vow'd, and you swore to be true,
I'm asham'd to have heard you, but more sham'd for you
To sing heynonni no, dear what shall I do?

So lightly we fled from my grandmother's gate,
But silent I carried my gay tambourine;
Too soon I repented, and found when too late,
What deceit all your false swearing promises mean;
For now with my poor little boy I may go,
And play to kind mortals who soften my woe,
Heynonni, hononni, heynonni, oh!

THE WIDOW IN LOVE.

I'M sure I never can forget,
The word's you spoke when first we met,
The love your looks convey'd:
While to the minuet's gentle air,
I danc'd around that form so fair,
And thus my thoughts betray'd.

And when we join'd the lively throng,
And tript to sprightly notes along,
How happy was the scene!
Terpsichore, had she been there,
Enchanted by your grace and air,
Had sure enamour'd been.

"Then thus you danc'd, and so did I,
"While jocund music bade us fly,
"Old time could scarce keep pace;
"His scythe and glass we did not mind,
"Old Care and Time were left behind,
"Lost in the mazy race.

****

MASTER ROONEY OF BALLINAFAD'S TRAVELS AND VOYAGE.

IN Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whisky,
We manag'd to keep care and sorrow aloof,
Our whirligig revels made all the blue devils
Creep out with the smoke through a hole in the roof.
But well I remember, one foggy November,
My mother cried, Go make your fortune, my lad,
Go bother the ninnies clean out of their guineas.
Away then I scamper'd from Ballinafad.

Then to seek for promotion, I walk'd the wide ocean,
Was shipwreck'd and murder'd, and sold for a slave,
Over mountains and rivers was pelted to shivers,
And met on this land with a wat'ry grave.

But now Mr. Jew-man has made me a new man,
  And whisky and Mammona make my heart glad,
To sweet flowing Liffey, I'm off in a jiffey,
  With a whack for Old Ireland and Ballinafad.

From this cursed station, to that blessed nation,
  Again Master Rooney shall visit your shore,
Where, O flourish so gaily, my sprig of shillelagh—
  Long life to old Nadab of great Mogadore.
O then all my cousins will run out by dozens,
  And out too will hobble old mammy and dad,
At dinner they'll treat us with mealy potatoes,
  And whisky distill'd at sweet Ballinafad.

****

THE JEW OF MOGADORE, OR THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

THAT Money will multiply care,
Philosophers foolishly teach;
'Tis a proof that their pockets are bare
When such silly maxims they preach.

It gives the sweet power to impart
What fortune denies to the brave,
It lightens the care-loaded heart,
And redeems the disconsolate slave.

My money-bags safe and secure
I hoard that the poor may partake;
Reproach and contempt I endure,
And starve for humanity's sake.

Let them freely enjoy their abuse,
And call me a miserly elf;
I confess it—but 'tis for their use
I'm a miser—and not for myself.

****

THE HUMOURS OF MANCHESTER RACES.

Since last I trod upon this ground, I've travers'd
Sea and Lands,
But now I am, bad money like, return'd upon your
Hands;
I've beat my brains, for little gains, thro' North,
South, East and West,
And found at last, Home all surpass'd, believe me
'tis no jest.--

(Spoken.) Jest, no! 'tis a very serious matter to be running up and down the world like a Will o' the Wisp, here a little and there a little, always in the wrong place, and for my part I've grown as small as pin wire, dang it, thinks I, there's better doings than this at Manchester Races, pretty Pickings, ordinary dinners---

They'll eat and they'll drink at a pretty pace,
Bridgwater, Bull's Head, i'th' Market-place,
White Horse and Spread Eagle, Hanging-ditch,
Landlords are all growing very rich;
Then to Manchester Races we'll go

What fiddling, fighting, bull-baiting, I've seen at
Eccles Wakes,
But no such pretty sport you'll find through all
the land of Cakes;
The Bagpipes play, they dance away, the Lads
and Lasses rosy,
And when all's done, there's better fun, at
Pendleton Pow Posey.

(Spoken.) Ah! Man do ye ken the New Toon at Edinbro' and the College of Physicians? aye mun, says I, but look at the Town of Manchester, and the College in the Old Church Yard! then for Physicians, havn't we the Whitworth Doctors! then for your fine Streets

There's Church Street, High Street, Rook Street,
Pall Mall, Piccadilly and Duke Street,

Hanging-ditch, Hyde's Cross and Burner Street,
Garret Lane, Toad Lane, and Turner Street,
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

'Tis said that Learning may be had by wholesale in the North,
And Wisdom there is cheaper far than England can bring forth;
For there's preaching cheap, and teaching cheap, and Poets of great fame,
They'll threap me down, in our town, there's none can do the same.

(Spoken.) Yes but we can tho', we can work all this by Steam; and more than that, we can rock the Cradle, roast Beef, and scrape Potatoes by Steam, and by and by, I dare say--
Parsons will preach by a Steam Engine,
Doctors will bleed by a Steam Engine,
Soldiers will shoot by a Steam Engine,
Kill Bonaparte by a Steam Engine,
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

Such crowds of Folks together met, sure ne'er were seen before,
From all the Country round about, to the Races on Kersey Moor;
From Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton too, as throng as Smithy-door,
From Chorley, and Chewbent a few, likewise from Cockey-moor.

(Spoken.) Barrel Cyder, barrel Cyder, fourpence a quart, twopence a pint, and a penny the half pint!—Bowl up, bowl up, civil Will, all's in the Well, hit your Legs and miss my Pegs!—Whirl about, round about Kitty Fisher, Hackney Coaches, a halfpenny a Ride!—Valk in, Valk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, see the Old Lion from Bengal; the African Tiger, and the Vild Man of the Vood!—Shew him up, shew him up, mine's the best Shew, none of your vild Beastesses! for here's Mr. Punch and his merry Companions, Jane

Shore, the Devil and the Baker! how d'ye like it Sir? like it, why its all a pack of d——n'd Stuff! there, there, the Gemman says he likes it, ha! ha! ha!

Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

****

THE FROG IN THE COCK'D HAT, OR, THE RAT THE MOUSE, THE DUCK, AND THE CAT, AND HER KITTENS.

Sung by Mr. Liston, *at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; and by* Mr. Johannot, *at Astley's Amphitheatre, with universal Applause.*

A FROG he would a wooing go,
Heigho, said Rowly,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a rowly powly,
Gammon and spinnage,
O heigh, said Anthony Rowly.

Off he set, with his opera hat,
Heigho, said Rowly,
On the road he met with a rat,
With a rowly powly, &c.

They soon arriv'd at the mouse's hall,
Heigho, said Rowly,
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowly powly, &c.

Pray Mrs. Mouse are you within?
Heigho said Rowly,
Yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin,
With a rowly powley, &c.

Come, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,
Heigho, said Rowly,

That Froggy and I may have some cheer,
With a Rowly powly, &c.

Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, said Rowly,
Let the subject be something that's not very long,
With a rowly powly, &c.

Indeed Mrs. Mouse, replied the frog,
Heigho, said Rowly,
A cold as made me as horse as a hog,
With a rowly powly, &c.

Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog, Mousy said,
Heigho, said Rowly,
I'll sing you a song that I have just made,
With a rowly powly, &c.

As they were in glee and a merry making,
Heigho, said Rowly,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowly powley, &c.

The cat she seiz'd the rat by the crown,
Heigho, said Rowly,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowly powly, &c.

This put Mr. frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, said Rowly,
He took up his hat, and he wish'd 'em good night,
With a rowly powly, &c.

As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, said Rowly,
A lilly white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowly powly, &c.

So here is an end to one, two and three,
Heigho, said Rowly,
The rat, the mouse, and little Frogg
With a rowly powly, &c.

THE MAIL COACH.

Tune—" The Country Club."

COME listen to my story,
Now *seated is my glory.*
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day—
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
Get a snack before we go—
Bring me a leg of mutton—
I'm as hungry as a glutton—
Some gravy soup—hollo!

(Spoken in different voices.)—Why waiter!—Coming sir.—Where's my gravy soup?—Just took off the gridiron.—make haste, I shall loose my place.—I hope your honour will remember the poor ostler.--Are the beefstakes ready?--No! but your chops are.--What a concourse of people are going in these coaches!--All fast behind.--Hip. *(Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.)*

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip and dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches!
What work for man and beast!
We must have a little drop, sir,
Then we'll gallop till we stop, sir--
And afterwards make haste.
I mount --the whip I crack now,
All bustle--what a pack now
On every side approach!
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places,
They cry--I've lost the coach.

(Spoken in various voices.)--How's this? I'm sure my name was booked.--No such thing ma'am.--A

lady and a parrot in a cage--That fare can't go inside, one parrot's enough at a time.--No room for two ladies?--None at all for females; this is a *mail coach*.--Set me down at the butcher's shop; I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach. ———Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.--Yes; good bye grandpapa--give my love to grandmamma.--Hip! *(Imitates the horn.)*

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

Four in hand from piccadilly,
Snugly seated in the dilly,
Away we scamper all.
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors
Begin to sing and bawl!
From every place we start, sir,
Some company depart, sir,
And others come no doubt;
For plenty there's of room now,
And any one may come now,
Four insides and one out.

(Spoken in different voices.)--Are my boxes all safe?--You have put my trunk in a wrong coach. --Never fear, ma'am we shall overtake it.--What a figure you cut in that Welch wig.--Hold your tongue, sirrah; you've woke me out of a comfortable nap.--Keep the windows shut; I've got a cold and stiff neck--my little girl isn't well.--Keep your feet in; you've got your leg between mine.--I don't mind it if the gentleman don't.--Hip! *(Imitates the horn)*

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

****

DISTRESS ON DISTRESS; OR, MISS WIGLEY AND DEPUTY DENT.

MISS WIGLEY, her lover call'd first of the fair;
The pride of her heart was call'd Deputy Dent;
She admir'd his sound teeth, he her fine head of hair
He talk'd about marriage—she gave her consent.
It happen'd unluckily, both in a breath,
Made a vow, sober, serious, without fun or rig;
She never to marry a man with false teeth,
And he any woman that sported a wig.

Now Miss Wigley a fever had had in her youth,
That completely had left her dear head without hair;
And a fall from a horse had dislodg'd every tooth,
Of poor Deputy Dent, that is jaws were quite bare.
One day at her toilette, he knock'd at the door,
She, bare-headed, cried Betty, well here's a fine rig,
What to do, cry'd Miss Wigley, I don't know, I'm sure;
He must not, at all events, find out the wig.
Bless my soul, is there nothing; lud what shall we do;
I have it—a good thought, I don't care a pin.
So under her toilette, her caxon she threw,
And manfully cried out, Sir, you may come in.
He started, drew back, gave a kind of a hoot!
Did fond lover e'er such an accident twig;
She bridl'd and courtsey'd, as bald as a coote,
In her flutter, forgetting her head had no wig.

With gravity he was no longer endued,
His risible muscles unmasterable grew.;
And while a loud volley of laughter ensued,
His jaws he so stretch'd that out ev'ry tooth flew.
Distress on distress! what will these lovers do
Tho' neither could laugh, they both relish'd the rig,
And somewhat consol'd, while each vow'd to be true,
She pick'd up his teeth, and he search'd for her wig.

THE JEW IN GRAIN.

THE little poy, about the street,
The monish all my care;
I cry to ev'ry one I meet,
The rolla for the hair;
The shoe-string, shealing-wax I call,
Four, six, eight—dat's too dear;
Well, twelve! so when they have it all,
Eleven pence I clear.

(Spoken.)—So from my cradle I was a Jew, and my grandfather Shadrach, was a Jew; and my grandmother Rebecca, was a Jew; and my father Ismael, and my mother Stuzebal, was a Jew; and my uncle Zebulon, and my aunt Bathsheba, and my cousins Absolam, and Nathan, and Jereboam, and Eleazar, and Gibeon, and Manassah, and Joshua was all Jew; and all teach me to give up father, mother, wife, cousin, and sell my life and body, and soul, and every ting in the world, and trick the very Tevil himself for the monish.

So a ferry apt scholar I pretty well prove,
I ket hold of the cash, and the timond and pearl,
And peg, porrow, and steal, for the monish I love,
More petter as any one ting in the world.

To cry old cloash I go my rounds,
I cheat um all so clean;
The coat what cost a tousand pounds,
I buy um for fifteen.
I sell a vatch for moshe good deal,
With fine gay seal and chain,
I ket a tief de vatch to steal,
And puy um back again.

(Spoken.)—So by tis time I come on pretty vell. I take in the pawn, and I ket the silver melted down in Duke's Place, and purn the cold lace in Rosemary-Lane, and I plug the kinny, and I sweat the kinny; and I make hole in the shilling, and say he all so lucky, and I make little tye for the coin, and

the water mark for the bank note; but I take care never to be fone out; let who will hang, I keep my neck out e de halter. I give pail. I vas the very Jew my Lord Judge say he vill purn for the monish. I suppose he mean go to the Tevil, but I don't care moshe for dat.

So true to my interest I vat you call prove;
I finger the cash, and the timond and pearl,
And peg, porrow and steal, for the monish I love,
More petter as any one ting in the world.

A great man come, I take moshe care,
Upon the monish bent;
On Stock Exchange the pull and pear,
What yield me cent her cent.
I ket my filla; cut a dash;
Crow purse-proud, rich and great;
To the black leg lend my cash,
They mortgage their estate.

(*Spoken.*)—So all my life I never tink of any ting but the monish. When I sold the rolla, and the shoe-string, and the shealing wax, I was ket shent per shent; when I have cry old cloash, I was ket shent per shent; when I coak the spendthrift, sell the lottery ticket, feed the gaming-table, the hazard, the faro, all these tings, I was ket shent per shent; and now I roll in luxury, cheat all the people, take in the flat; let out my pretty kall, my little decoy duck;---Ah, ah, dat is the fay to make de monish!

And as to my interest so constant she prove,
I give her the cash and the timond and pearl,
And the monish excepted, my charmer I love,
More petter as any one ting in the world.

****

PETER M'CAWLEY'S WIFE AND THE DOCTOR.

Tune--Heigho! says Rowley.

A LITTLE old woman was taken ill,
Heigho! says Peter;
A little old woman was taken ill,
So she sent for a Doctor to give her a pill,
With her rowley powley,
Ginger and julap, oh!
Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

The doctor he came to feel her hand,
Heigho! says Peter;
The Doctor he came to feel her hand,
When he found her so drunk that she coudn't well stand,
With her gin-bottle, wet throttle,
Talk away, mug away,
Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein,
Heigho! says Peter;
Says the doctor, says he, I must open a vein,
When the little old woman said, Oh, fie! for shame!
With her rowley powley,
Hickup and kick-up,
Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley

Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
Heigho! says Peter;
Says the doctor, says he, why then you're dead,
When she up with the gin-keg, and broke his head,
With her rowley powley,
Scratch'em and fight away,
Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

Oh! oh! says the doctor, is this your fun?
Heigho! says Peter;
Oh! oh! says the doctor, is this your fun?
Then the devil may cure you--and off he run,
With his rowley powley,
Gammon and physic,
Heigh! says Peter M'Cawley.

MISS PATTY PUFF AND HER TWO SWEETHEARTS;

OR,

THE DUEL A-LA-MODE.

Tune--'*The bold Dragoon.*'

THERE was a gay man-milliner, his name was *Timmy Twist*,
And at making *caps* and *bonnets* he'd a mighty pretty fist;
With his *snips* and *shreads*, and *fitting heads*, his *gauze* and *gimp long thread and needle*,
O he lov'd a pastry-cook, and he thought her heart to weedle. Whack falare, bow wow.

There was a spruce shoe-maker, a dabster at an *awl*,
They call'd him *Billy Boot*, and he kept a pretty *stall*;
With his *last* and *shoe*, and *lap-stone* too, his *wax-end*, *grinding strap*, *and hammer*,
O he lov'd this pastry-cook too, and told her many a crammer. Whack falare, bow wow.

Miss Patty Puff thus lov'd by both, and loving both they say,
Was like the *donkey* in the tale, between two stacks of hay;
With her flames and darts, and *apple tarts*, *her ices*, *trifles*, *cherry-brandy*,
O she knew not which to choose, for she thought 'em both the dandy. Whack falare, bow wow.

The rivals fought--their seconds charg'd their pistols for attacks,
Timmy Twist's with *cotton balls* and *Billy Boot's* with *coblar's wax*;
With her jeers and jokes, a funny hoax, their powder p[illegible], and their p[illegible]es,
Tho' they'd courage in their hearts, they'd the dish-clouts in their faces. Whack falare, bow wow.

The seconds signal give to fire, when Timmy
swoon'd away,
And Billy not observing it, ran off without delay.
With his *paste* and *pegs* and *nimble legs* while both
the seconds laugh and hoot him,
Oh! he stuck fast in a hedge, and roar'd lest Tim
should come and shoot him.
Whack falare, bow wow.

Now all you *modern heroes* who'd your credit save
from fright,
Be sure to tell the constables when challenges you write;
With your guns and swords, and great big words,
that off weak stomachs come so clever,
*O they'll bind you to the peace, and you may brag as
much as ever.* Whack falare, bow wow.

****

JEREMY GAWKEY;

OR

THE DEVONSHIRE BOY.

Tune--'*Madam Fig's Gala.*'

NOW Ise be a Devonshire boy,
And father be Devonshire too,
And he for an honest employ,
Sends I up to London to you!
To be sure in a hurry I came,
And the reason you'll presently zee, sir,
For the parish began to complain
About our Dolly and me, sir,
Rumpsy iddledy, &c.

But chance, which d'ye see, was my friend,
Soon got I a zarvice in town, sir,
And footman I strutted, depend,
To a Parliament man of renown, sir;
But fortune so fickle you know,
Turn'd booty on *measter* and *I sir*,

Who made a mistake, and said *No*,
When he shoud have bawl'd out to 'em, *Aye*, sir,
Rumpsy iddeldy, &c.

Now *measter* and *I* out of place,
I had a new zarvice to find, sir,
But to save kicking out with disgrace,
We make the folk think we *resign'd*, sir,
Then hir'd I was and my lot,
To a travelling captain and 'squire, sir,
But soon to my cost, found I'd got
From the *frying-pan* into the *fire*, sir.
Rumpsy iddledy, &c.

Then when I was lucky again,
My *measter* I found was no ninny, sir,
Whose money *was lent to come in*
For *every shilling a guinea*, sir.
'Now, dang it,' says I, 'sir one day,
'Do pray have a little of conscience,'
For which, gad, he turns I away,
And swore he'd here none of my nonsence.
Rumpsy iddledy, &c.

Now turn'd quite a-drift on the world,
And left to reflect on my folly, sir,
My thoughts, which at random were whirl'd,
Return'd to poor Devonshire Dolly, sir;
So dang it to lead a new life,
Tho' marriage is oftentimes *mawky*,
Addzooks! why I made her the wife
Of I, Mister Jeremy Gawkey.
Rumpsy iddledy, &c.

****

MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.

IN Yorkshire I *wur* born and bred,
And knows a thing or two, sir;
Nay what be more, my father said,
My wit would bring me thro', sir.

At single-sticks or kiss the maids,
I *wur* the boy *vor sartin*;
Zays I push on- 'o be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri, tol de rol, &c.

At *whoam* I'd often heard folks talk
Of *Lunnun's* famous city,
And that the stones on which they walk,
Wur pav'd with gold so pretty;
To mam and dad I gave a buss,
Says I, I'm off *vor sartin*,
So 'bout my trip to make a fuss
Is—*my eye and Betty Martin.*

At inn arriv'd, I met a man
Who offer'd me his *sarvice*,
To take my luggage *wur* his plan,
And help me to a *Jarvis*:
But stop, says I, this *wunna* do,
Your rigs *Ise* know *vor sartin*;
Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and you's
My eye and Betty Martin.

A lady next, a flashy dame,
I in the Strand did meet, sir,
Who said as how it *wur* a shame,
That I should walk the street, sir;
She talk'd of love, of *sarvants* too,
And thought her prey right *sartin*,
But *noa*, says I, to go with you's
My eye and Betty Martin.

Ise seen the Lions and the Tower,
The Circus, Astley's too, sir,
The play, and giants strike the hour,
And all that's strange to view, sir;
So back to *whoam* I'll turn again,
And marry Doll *vor sartin*;
Ise please her so that to complain's
My eye and Betty Martin.

SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

OUR immortal Poet's page,
Says that all the world's a stage;
And that men with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players;
Each using skill and art,
In his turn to top his part,
All to fill up this farsical scene O!
Enter here,
Exit there,
Stand in view,
Mind your cue.
High down, ho down, derry derry down,
All to fill up this farsical scene O!

First the Infant in the lap,
Mewling, pewling, with its pap,
Like a chicken that we truss,
Is swaddled by its nurse;
Who to please the puppet tries,
As it giggles and it cries.
All to fill, &c.

Husha bye,
Wipe an eye,
Kisse pretty,
Suck a titty,

Oh! its mamma's nown darling---see here's daddy's nown nose pose—and granny's mouthe mouthe—(*cries like a child*)—hushe—you little squalling brat or I'll fling you---

High down, &c.

The pretty babe of grace,
With its shining morning face;
And satchel on his back,
To school alas! must pack;
But like a snail he creeps,
And for bloody Monday weeps;
All to fill, &c.

Book mislaid,
Truant play'd,
Rod in pickle,
Bum to tickle.

You great loggerhead of a dunce—says Master Lingo—spell the word again—B-i-r—Bur m-i-n-g—ming—Birming—h-a-m—ham, Birmingham—Oh, you stupid dunce,—I shall never beat any thing into that thick skull of yours! 'tis Brumidgum—I tell you once more—take that *(cries)* with your

High down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
Soused over head and ears;
Like a Lobster on the fire,
Sighing ready to expire;
With a large hole in his heart,
Thro' it you may drive a cart.

All to fill, &c.

Beauty spurns him,
Passion burns him;
Like a wizard,
Guts and gizard.

Oh! my dear—my adorable—my lovely, my angelic—Eliza—suffer me thou paragon of beauty—thou terrestrial charmer, to approach thee——

High down, &c.

Then the soldier ripe for plunder,
Breathing slaughter---blood and thunder.
Like a cat among the mice,
Kicks a dust up in a trice.
And talks of shatter'd brains,
Scatter'd limbs, and streaming veins.

All to fill, &c.

Fight and fly,
Run or die,
Pop and pelter,
Helter shelter.

Oh! such a bloody day; there was I marching along up to the knees in blood---Cannon balls flying about like---Cock-chaffers in a summer's evening---whiz! comes one in a direct line to me---but I being aware of him---I up with my broad

sword, and cut it in two---one half flew into the air, and the t'other---

High down, &c.

Then the justice in his chair,
With broad and vacant stare;
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a but,
Well lin'd with turtle hash,
Calipe and calipash.

All to fill, &c.

Bawd and trull,
Pimp or cull;
At his nod,
Go to quod.

Sirrah an't your name John Day,
Yes an't please your worship so they say;
Pray did you not get the girl with child in the barn?
Yes, an't please your worship, I tho't no harm.
Why, you rascal do'e come here to make rhymes?
Yes, an't please your worship sometimes.
Take this fellow away—take him out of my sight:
That's what I wanted—so I wish you—

High down, &c.

Then the slipper'd pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon;
With spectacles on nose,
Shrunk Shanks in youthful hose.
His voice once big and round,
Now whistling in the sound.

All to fill, &c.

Body bent,
Vigour spent,
Shaking noddle,
Widdle waddle.

Ah! Lord bless you all my dear children, many a long day I have travelled in the rough and smooth road of life—and do remember when honesty and

industry—were rewarded—but now bribery and corruption choak up the seeds of merit—but 'tis—
High down, &c.

At last to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way;
And like sheep that's got the rot,
All our senses go to pot.
So death among us pops,
And down the curtain drops.
All to fill, &c.

Corps in ground,
Glass goes round,
Vicar and Moses,
Toast their Noses.
High down, *ho down, derry derry* down,
All to fill up this farsical scene O!

****

ALDERMAN GOBBLE.

Tune—'*Heigho! says Rowley.*'

TOM GOBBLE was a grocer's,
Heigho! says Gobble;
He gave a ven'son dinner for fun,
And he had a belly as big as a tun,
With his handy dandy, bacon and gravy,
Ah! ah! says Alderman Gobble.

The servant usher'd the company in,
Heigho! says Gobble,
The dinner is ready, quoth Tom, with a grin,
So he tuck'd a napkin under his chin,
With his handy dandy, bacon and gravy,
Ah! ah! says Alderman Gobble.

Then Betty the cook, she gave a squall,
Heigho! says Gobble,
Poor John the footman has had a fall,
And down stairs tumbl'd ven'son and all,

With his handy dandy, bacon and gravy,
  Alas! says Alderman Gobble.

So down the Alderman ran in a'fright,
  Heigho! says Gobble,
And there sat John in a terrible plight,
Astride on the ven'son, bolt upright,
With his handy dandy, bacon and gravy,
  Dear me! says Alderman Gobble.

Was ever man so cruelly put on,
  Heigho! says Gobble;
Get off from the meat you rascally glutton,
You've made my ven'son a *saddle of mutton*,
With your randy dandy, bacon and gravy,
  Good lack! says Alderman Gobble.

Lord, Sir, says Betty, what a splash,
  Heigho! says Gobble,
'Tis a monstrous bad *rumbusticle* crash,
But to-morrow Ill tickle it up in a *hash*,
With my handy dandy, bacon and gravy,
  Ay, do! says Alderman Gobble.

****

MON AT MESTER GRUNDY'S.

GOOD law, how things are alter'd now,
  I'm grown as fine as fippence;
But when I'd use to follow th' plough,
  I ne'er could mester thrippence!
But now, why who's so spruce as I,
  When going to church o' Sundays?
I'm not poor Will o'th' yate, by guy!
  But th' Mon at Mester Grundy's.

I'd use to stride about i' clogs,
  As thick as sides o' bacon;
But now my clogs, as well as hogs,
  I've totally forsaken:

And little Peg, I lik'd so well,
  And walk'd so with o' Sundays,
I've left, and now 'tis cook-maid Nell,
  And th' Mon at Mester Grundy's.

One day I met my cousin Ralph,
  Says he, "how art ta, Willy?"
"Begone," says I, "thou clumsy oaf,
  "And do not be so silly:"
"Why does t' forget since constant we
  "To market trudg'd o' Mundays?"
Say I, "good Lad, don't talk to me,
  "I'm th' mon at Mester Grundy's."

"Gadzooks!', says Ralph "who art ta now;
  "I thowt no harm i' speaking,
"I've seen th' day thou wert at plough
  "Was glad my hand t' be shaking;
"But now, ecod, thou struts about,
  "So very fine o' Sundays,"
"Why aye," says I, "you clod get out,
  "I'm th' mon at Mester Grundy's."

On nice thick porrage, and sweet milk,
  At whoam I liv'd i' clover;
And wish'd such feasting, while I liv'd,
  No never might be over:
But, zounds, did yo' but see me now,
  Sat down to dine o' Sundays,
Ecod, you'd stare like ony thing,
  At th' Mon at Mester Grundy's.

Now I'm advanc'd fro'th' tail o' th' plough
  Like many a peer o' th' nation,
I finds 'tis easy knowing how
  T' forget one's former station:
Who knows but I may strut a 'squire,
  Wi' powder'd wig o' Sundays,
Though now content to be no higher,
  Than th' Mon at Mester Grundy's.

****

THE NANCY.

MAYHAP you have heard, how that, dear as their lives,
All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives;
To their duty, like pitch, sticking close till they die,
And whoe'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why;
One, through dangers and storms, brings me safely ashore,
T'other welcomes me home, when each danger is o'er;
Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life;
For my ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife.

When Nancy, my wife, o'er the lawn scuds so neat,
And so light, the proud grass scarcely yields to her feet;
So rigg'd out and so lovely 't an't easy to trace
Which is reddest her top-knot, her shoes, or her face:
While the neighbours, to see her, forget all their cares,
And are pleas'd she is mine, though they wish she was theirs,
Marvel not then to think of this joy of my life;
I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy, my vessel,---but see her in trim,
She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim;
'Fore the wind, like a dolphin, she merrily plays,
She goes any how well, but she looks best in stays.
Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she;
Mounting high, or low sunk in the trough of the sea;
She has sav'd me from many hard squeaks for my life,
So I call'd her the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless [illegible] my
heart's queen,
She sets out and sets in, far the best on the green;
So of all the grand fleet my gay vessel's the flow'r,
She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour,
Then they both sail so cheerful through life's varying breeze,
All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease;
Thus I've two kind protectors to watch me thro' life,
My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar;
Why ev'ry thing female from peril to save
Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or compass I boast,
I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host;
Still grateful to both to the end of my life,
My good ship, the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

****

LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

LET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry, to the war!
Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain,
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl;
On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
O give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love!
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame;
And riot the pleasure of wine:
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name:
But friendship and love are divine.

DOWN IN A VALLEY.

DON'T you remember a poor peasant's daughter,
In neat russet gown, and apron so blue:
Who won the affections of many that sought her,
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew?

The blush on her cheek was modesty's dawning,
Her lips were untainted, the rose's sweetest hue;
Unclouded by sorrow, she pass'd night and morning,
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

The soft matchless beauties dame nature had given,
Were pure as the chrystalline drops of the dew;
Which painted sweet innocence, mild as the Heaven,
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

But, ah! hapless sorrow soon frost-nipp'd her beauty,
She droop'd as a blossom, when robb'd of its hue;
For love was forc'd to yield to filial duty,
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

****

JOHN BULL'S WOODEN HORSES.

Tune··'*Meg of Wapping.*'

LITTLE Boney don't like us··no matter, who cares?
Pull away, pull away, so jolly,
The little Powder Monkey may give himself airs,
But that's all sheer nonsense and folly;
He brags and he writes *bulletins* all so wise,
And what they may be I've no notion,
Except they're a log of palavering lies,
Pull away, pull away, I say,
But he can't gull the lads of the ocean.

He says wooden horses our ships they all be,
  Pull away as you read in the papers,
But they ar'n't to be rode by such jockies as he,
  Because he an't up to their capers.
His commerce we stop, and his colonies win,
  Tho' of them and his *ships* he discourses,
Then his ships he sends *out* and we bring 'em *in*,
  Pull away, pull away, I say
What d'ye think of John Bull's wooden horses?

Boney so plays his cards, every brother's a king,
  Pull away, pull away, so brave, boys,
But such kings are like cards, for in each suit you bring,
  For every king there's a knave, boys.
But these knaves for their odd tricks will get their *desarts*,
  And if Boney in Britain should try land,
We'll stand up for Georgey our own *king of hearts*,
  Pull away, pull away, I say,
In honour of our snug little Island.

****

HENRY.

SWEET weeping willow, friend of tears,
  Still trembling in a breeze of sighs,
On one who ev'ry leaf reveres,
  Shed sympathy which never dies.
Ah! willow, willow, willow tree,
Ah! weeping willow, weep with me.
  Beneath the dread and yawning wave,
    Ah! wave, alas! untrue, unkind;
  Brave Henry found an early grave,
    And left this heart no joy behind.
  Ah! willow, willow, willow tree,
  Ah weeping willow, weep with me.

The eyes he prais'd, must ever weep,
The rose must soon this cheek forsake,
This voice with sighs must now grow deep,
The heart he priz'd, for him must break,
Ah! willow, willow, willow tree,
Ah! weeping willow, weep with me!
My Henry's fate, my Henry's truth,
In memory shall ever bloom;
But while they blossom still in youth,
I wither for his hapless doom.
Ah! willow, willow, willow tree,
Ah! weeping willow, weep with me.

****

THE DREAM.

As Strephon and Anna one evening were roving,
To a small shady grove they repair;
Where Strephon in accents, mild, rapt'rous and loving:
Address'd thus his beautiful fair:
" My Anna, my charmer, when last I reclin'd
" On my pillow, and thought of my love;
" Methought that our hearts were most fondly en-
" twin'd,
" And gladness sat smiling above.

" On the wings of the morning most swiftly we flew
" To fam'd Gretna, o'er mountain and vale;
" With Aurora's dim light we brush'd off the Dew,
" And flew with the breath of the gale.
" Our hands were united in Hymen's strong band,
" To be cut ne'er asunder again;
" Then Bagpipe and Fiddle resound thro' the land,
" And we foot it away on the plain.

" The lads and the lasses melodiously sing,
" To the Violin's musical sounds;
" With loud acclamations of joy the plains ring,
" And pleasure in each bosom abounds.

" The transports that charm'd us, whilst deaf to
" the roar
" Of the bagpipe's loud clamorous scream;
" Alas! were the fictions of fancy so more
" Than the shadowy sports of a dream."

The lovers desiring to make the dream true,
United in Hearts and in Hands;
Betimes the next morning to Gretna they flew,
And were joined in wedlock's strong bands.
This Couple enjoying much conjugal love,
Glide gently down Life's transient stream;
While their prat'lers the tide of contentment improve
And reminded them oft of the *Dream*.

****

TOWN AMUSEMENT.

WHILE the day-star of Europe extinguish'd should seem,
And England alone can defy *Buonaparte*,
Like others, I'd feel all the zeal of the theme,
But, alas! I've no time, *I'm engag'd to a party*.
Not one where *political war* is the plan,
By *speeches* and *mutual reproaches made hot*,
I've no time for such things, *I'm a visiting man*,
One made for *sweet cakes*, *lemonade*, *and orgeat*.

Spoken.—Were you at my Lady Double-drum's last night? What a delightful thing it was! *Three hundred people more than the rooms would hold*.—Miss Dumpling, poor dear little thing, was nearly trodden to death. Lord Fig pick'd up her *invisible*: what, would the coroner have brought it in, had she been *extinguish'd*? How shock'd I should have been. Ah! Sir Harry, how do?—what a love of a waistcoat you've got! Dear Miss, don't push so....

Sung....Well, now that's hearty, well now that's hearty,
Then O! for the *toil* and the *squeeze of a party*.

Then after contending two hours in the street,
Lamps, ladies, lords, constables mix'd in the fight.
With your glasses all broke, and your *coachman well beat*,
At length up you come to the scene of delight:
Then up the steep steps, while with pain you are crawling,
Where you and the staircase so little agree,
Lord Spindle, Lord Spindle, the servants are *bawling*
And *souse on your head comes a hot dish of tea.*

Spoken....My dear Lord, a thousand pardons. Any thing from you, my sweet miss. Oh! heavens, *what a squeeze this is!* I shall expire; dear Sir Harry, how you crowd one. 'Pon honor, its not my fault, Miss Tittup, *if I incommode the muslins; touching scenes for a man of sensibility, tho'!* Oh, that I could *get out*, cries Lady Bab. Oh! that I could *get in*, cries Captain Crop, *well push'd Lady Rigadoon*..*there she goes*..

Sung...Well, now that's hearty, well now that's hearty,
Then O! for the *toil*, and the *squeeze of a party*.

****

LADY GO-NIMBLE'S GHOST; OR, HONEY AND MUSTARD.

SIR JERRY GO-NIMBLE was lame of a leg,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;
And Lady Go-Nimble had barely one peg,
For a very old lady was she.
Sir Jerry when married was but twenty-two,
My lady fourscore when sir J. came to woo;
As ugly as a Pole, but as rich as a Jew,
With a hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee,

At the wedding, my Lady was call'd for a song,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee!
Says she, 'to oblige, I'll not hesitate long,
Tho' I own I'm not quite in the key;'
Then she made a fine mug 'twixt a squint and a grin,
And screw'd up her snuff-colour'd lips to begin,
While like two bellows handles she mov'd nose and chin.

(Spoken.)...When she sung....

(Sings.)..What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.
With a hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

These pair of true *lovers* they liv'd upon love,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee.
While the honey-moon lasted a week and above,
And then 'twas all mustard for she,
For wicked Sir Jerry was fond of tit bits,
And my lady she fell in *historical* fits,
Then for jealousy drank herself out of her wits.

(Spoken.)..Then she strutted about like Mad Bess, with a whisp of straw in one hand, and a drop of comfort in the other...*(Struts about like a mad old Woman.)*

(Sings.)..He prov'd false and I undone.
With a hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

At last of this sad *hydrofogy* she dy'd—
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,
And her grim ghost it came to Sir Jerry's bed-side,
Saying, 'List! oh, list!—for I'm come for thee.'
Sir Jerry he hid himself under the clothes,
But the ghost out of bed pull'd him soon by the nose,
Toss'd him out of the window, and cried, 'There he goes!'

(Spoken.)—And away he went sure enough,
With his hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

TOASTS
AND
SENTIMENTS.

The King!...Long may he live and reign,
While Britons ever rule the main.
May we always get the whip-hand of our enemies.
The rose of pleasure without the thorn.
Our dear Companions, and our absent Friends.
May every Mail-Coachman stick by his Fare.
Industry and Comfort, to all who try for it.
The seven P's...Peace, Plenty, Patience, Prosperity, Prudence, and Punch in Perfection.
Success to Commerce.
All we wish and all we want.
A halter to them that deserve it.
A generous heart and a miser's fortune.
Death to the abettors of secret villany.
May the wealth of rogues devolve on honest men.
May the hinges of hospitality never grow rusty.
May he that made the devil take us all.
Palsy to the hand of the assassin.
Plenty to a generous mind.
Riches without pride.
Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
The tars of Old England.
May poverty always be a day's march behind us.
May genius and merit never want a friend.
May the friends we love be sincere, and the country we live in be free.
Increase of trade and reduction of taxes.
May the clouds of war be soon dispersed by the sunshine of peace.
Gratitude to friends, and generosity to enemies.

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FINIS.

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